

ROLLING STONE

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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

'The U.S. Army has been directly responsible for turning on more than a quarter of million young Americans'

A Special Report

"THE JUNGLE OF VIETNAM IS LITTERED WITH MARIJUANA ROACHES; THE STREETS OF SAIGON ARE 'PAVED WITH GOLD'."



In this issue:

Beatles in
Live Show?

Muddy Waters
Little Richard
Traffic Jam
A Huge Bust



BARON WOLMAN

London: Rockin with Little Richard— See Page 18

IS THIS ANY WAY TO RUN THE ARMY? — STONED?

BY CHARLES PERRY

"Rock and Roll music contributes to both the usage of drugs and the high VD rate among the enlisted men in the Army today."

This statement from an Army Captain, represents the off-the-record opinion of most high-ranking officers in the Armed Services today. But there is nothing they can do about it.

The Armed Forces have changed radically in the last four years. The raising of draft quotas and the tightening of deferment and exemption loopholes has made for a different military, with a higher proportion of men who would otherwise be in college, and a far greater number of men of one generation drafted into the service.

Briefly put, there is a flowering of rock and roll and dope among the unwilling soldiers of today. It is altogether out of hand. It already involves so many men that the brass can't even begin to crack down on it.

"Lots of guys come over here very lame but go home heads. Everyone is ex-

cited about trying it 'back in the world' because it is so groovy even at this down place. Guys have mustaches and long sideburns that the average citizen would never believe they were soldiers. We are anxious to get back and grow wild hair and beards without any restrictions. Beads and Peace symbols are worn with the uniform."—A Corporal in Phu Bai, Vietnam.

In the past year the Army has been directly responsible for turning on probably more than a quarter of a million young American innocents by sending them to Vietnam, and thousands of others merely by putting them together with others of their age — whether in Europe, Asia, or even right down home in Louisiana. But most of all it is Vietnam: the Army has taken hundreds of thousands of students out of school and plopped them into what seems like a marijuana-heaven on earth. In Vietnam, you can buy marijuana already processed into cigarette form, packaged 10 to the pack (200 to the carton) and a pack costs a dollar. At least in Nha Trang, it costs a buck.

In the highlands of Vietnam, where daily battle is waged, such amenities do not exist. Instead, it grows wild. And thus, so grows the United States Armed Forces overseas, wild as a march hare.

The Navy and the Coast Guard, favored duty for men facing the draft who want to avoid combat duty and bad chow, is filled with even more unmilitary types than the Army, especially among the Medical Corpsmen. The voluntary combat services, the Air Force, the Special Forces (Green Berets), and the Marines, are a different story — but not altogether, as we shall see.

In order to find out what was going on, ROLLING STONE recently sent questionnaires to a selected group of servicemen who reported from nearly fifty military stations — Air Force Bases, ships at sea, Pacific Islands, stateside bases, Saigon, huge military bases and even jungle patrols in Vietnam. Respondents represent just about every branch of the service, including Marines and Green Berets.

Allowing for the self-selection in the various branches of the service, you can

say that young men bring the common tastes of their age-group with them when they enter the service. A Navy Personnelman 3rd Class with over three years' service breaks down this way:

"The median sailor comes from a small town in the Midwest and comes generally from the wide middle-class stratum, is high school graduate, has dabbled maybe even with college, and may have been picked up by local police for some minor infraction. Well, here is the rundown: About 10% of sailors know rock in every form, can rattle off managers' and band members' names etc. About 20% have their foot in both deep rock and commercial sounds. Another 30% are R&B fanatics (mostly from east of the Rockies) and 10% dig country (in our idiom, shitkicking) music.

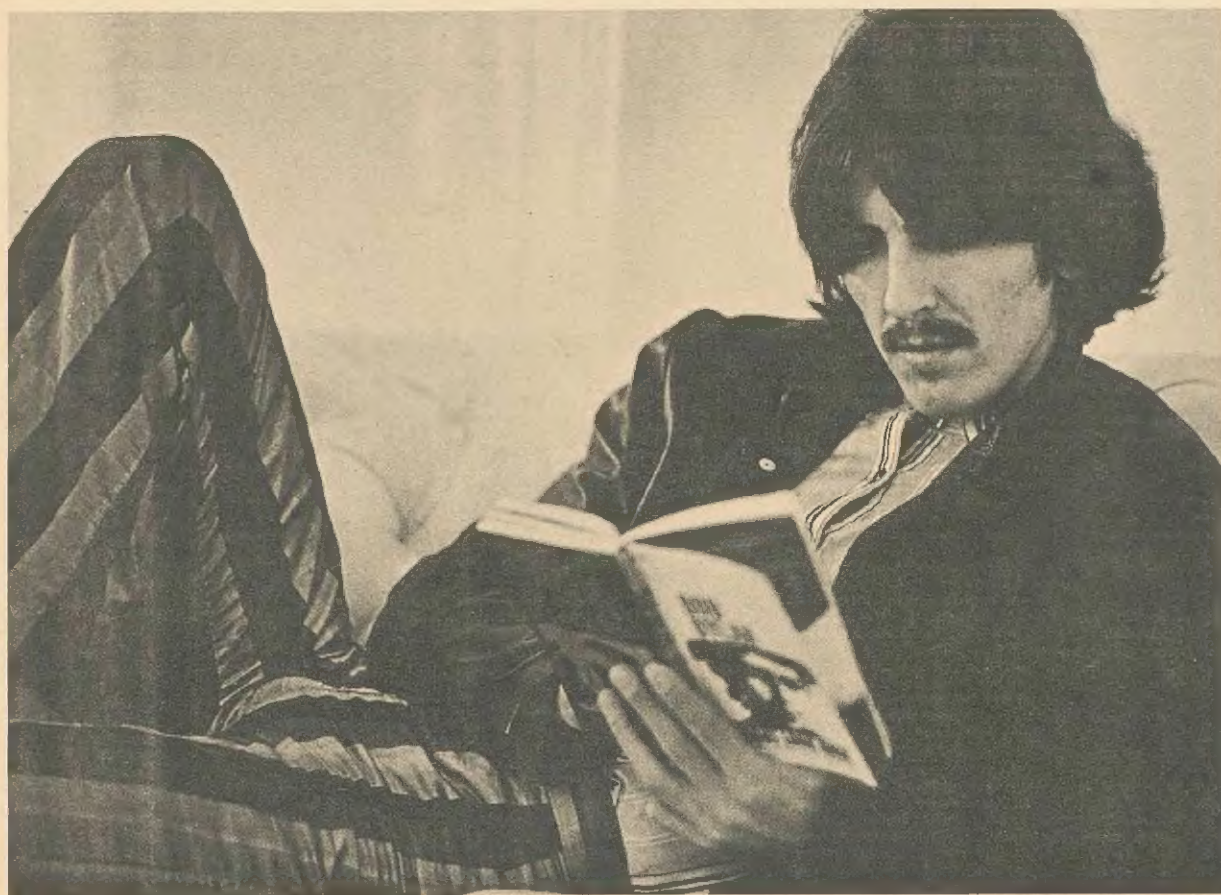
"Maybe 5% are classical buffs, maybe 10% folkies (the 'Seekers' and 'Weavers' types). The rest of swabs just generally drift around with either no musical tastes or completely absorbent so that it doesn't matter to them what type
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**Sail over the edge, past the rim of darkness,
to where sounds blow free.**

***The* STEVE MILLER BAND / SAILOR**





BARON WOLMAN

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 vember 9th.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Particularly dug the fact that some-
 one else caught your barb of Laura
 Nyro (CORRESPONDENCE, ETC., Sept. 28).
 Especially when caught by one whose
 opinion might carry more relevance
 than mine. I couldn't agree with Tom
 Wilson more that Laura Nyro is vastly
 underrated by folk-blues-soul "buffs"
 who make much of "the real thing,"
 and snub as tom-spadey anything that
 could possibly be construed as imita-
 tion.

I guess what it boils down to is an
 unquenchable thirst to define something.
 Rather to label it. (Raise your right
 hand, establishmentarians).

I hope for Laura Nyro an angel to
 appear from without to give her the
 exposure that Johnny Carson has given
 to Richie Havens and Kenny Rankin.

ROBERT HAMLIN
 JERSEY CITY, N.J.

SIRS:

I love John Walker and I'm delighted
 to have "It's a Beautiful Day" on Co-
 lumbia but I think John did the group
 and Columbia a serious disservice by
 implying that Columbia gave all but the
 kitchen sink to "It's a Beautiful Day" to
 sign. We did agree to creative latitude
 for them because we believe in that as a
 way of life and practice what we preach.
 However, David La Flamme and John
 were completely reasonable in not ex-
 pecting Columbia to guarantee their fu-
 ture economic security. I naturally sup-
 ported this feeling and agreed to help
 them get started with some musical in-
 struments.

I believe that the most important
 thing is the right chemistry between the
 artist and the record company. The re-
 cord company should be chosen for its
 ability to sensitively relate to the artist,
 earn for him the most money over the
 full term of the usual five-year con-
 tract and perpetuate the artists' career
 for the longest possible period—building
 their image qualitatively and making the
 largest audience possible aware of their
 talent. Columbia has abided by its abili-
 ty to satisfy these criteria to attract

artists, not by offering big front money
 guarantees that sound good for short
 term objectives. I think our record bears
 out the success of the artists who have
 chosen to come with us. It was David
 La Flamme's and John Walker's respect
 for this philosophy and Columbia's re-
 spect for "It's a Beautiful Day" and
 their potential that lead to the signing of
 the group.

I thought I'd like to set the record
 straight for the sake of ROLLING STONE's
 accuracy. Your aims and objectives in
 covering the contemporary music scene
 are admirable and the facts should be
 known to you so that completeness of
 coverage will be at the same high level.

CLIVE DAVIS
 PRESIDENT
 COLUMBIA RECORDS

SIRS:

Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm a
 stickler for accuracy, and that line in
 "Yellow Submarine" is "Port's all clear,"
 not "Paul's a queer."

BORIS W. PILLIN
 LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Two things:

First, I have long been aware of Mr.
 Van Dyke Parks' difficulty in selling
 his records, despite critical adulation (I
 believe Richard Goldstein, in not classi-
 fying Parks as one of the best perform-
 ers of 1967, explained his decision by
 saying "he belongs to the future ages"
 or something.)

Well, This may come as a shock to
 somebody—most likely Warner Brothers
 —but I have NEVER seen *Song Cycle*
 on sale in any record store, although
 I've looked for it.

How in hell can you buy a record if
 you never see it?

I have checked hip-looking record
 shops near Syracuse University and
 Brown University and straight-looking
 emporia in other communities. No Van
 Dyke Parks. I think that's the problem.

Where do you suppose they're hiding
 the records? (Or as Ring Lardner said
 in one of his closest dramas: "What
 has become of the discs? What has be-

come of the discs? We took them at our
 own risks. What has become of the
 discs?")

Second, I guess I'm the only person
 in the world who likes the Beatles' sin-
 gle "Revolution." Everybody I've read
 seems nauseated by it.

So I'll tell you why I like it. It's the
 first time I've heard anyone hip put
 down Mao. I've never been able to un-
 derstand how people can like the to-
 tally humorless regime of Mao. (The
 hell with what he has or hasn't done
 for his people.) The guy is a bring-
 down. Like when he said he swam sev-
 eral miles in a short period of time,
 an obvious lie because it is humanly
 impossible to swim like that, even for
 Don Schollander.

So, like they say "But if you go car-
 rying pictures of Chairman Mao/It ain't
 gonna make it with anyone anyhow."

Anyway, I've always liked the Fugs'
 "Nothing" and "Revolution" and "Noth-
 ing" have a lot in common.

MARTIN F. KOHN
 PROVIDENCE, R.I.

SIRS:

Being raised on country music, and
 having followed the flowering of psyche-
 delia, as well as seeing the Buffalo
 Springfield live, and the Grand Ole
 Opry (twice), I feel reasonably quali-
 fied to comment on Jon Landau's ar-
 ticle, "Country & Rock," in the Sept.
 28 issue of ROLLING STONE. This article
 is the most accurate and sensitive piece
 I have read so far among the great
 plethora of words describing real and
 imagined relationships between rock and
 country.

However, I take issue with one state-
 ment of Landau's. I doubt that Dylan's
John Wesley Harding caused the re-
 newed interest in country music by rock
 personnel. Here, Dylan is one of many
 manifestations of a trend, rather than
 a trend setter. Also, I wish to point out
 an additional country influence on the
 Buffalo Springfield: Ian & Sylvia, who
 are mentioned on the back cover of
 "Buffalo Springfield Again." Although

—Continued on Next Page

BEATLES TO APPEAR LIVE AND JOHN IN THE NUDE

London Concert Is New Plan For the Boys

LONDON—The Beatles definitely intend to put on a live performance, their first in three years, either by Christmas or early in the New Year. However it will most likely be before an invited audience.

London's nightclub Middle Earth, where Jefferson Airplane and the Doors have played, is the probable spot, and the performance will almost certainly be filmed for TV. An early announcement that the Beatles were booking the Royal Albert Hall has been superseded.

News press agent Tony Barrow announced the second week in October: "The Beatles want to do some sort of live show but it is almost certain to be before a special audience of perhaps 500. The show would be filmed for TV and would require a more intimate place than the Royal Albert Hall.

"The group would probably prefer somewhere with theatrical stage facilities." There have also been booking problems in getting the Albert Hall.

Paul McCartney has announced, "What is probable is that before anything else, we will do our own TV show in which we'll perform the numbers from the new album. Mary Hopkin may take part and also people like Jackie Lomax and James Taylor."

The title of that long-awaited new Beatles album, due to be a double set with twenty-four tracks altogether, has still not been decided. But a spokesman has said:

"The album title is almost certain to be something simple. After the intricacies of *Sgt. Pepper*, the Beatles want to be completely straightforward again. The title could be as simple as *The Beatles*."

The album has been scheduled for release on November 16th, but final work was not completed until October 8th, putting it at least ten days behind schedule.

A Christmas Beatles LP will definitely be released in December, simultaneously in England and the US: *Yellow Submarine*, the soundtrack to the Beatles-based cartoon feature.

A third Beatle album due from Apple, *The Two Virgins*, will be released as soon as possible. It features "music and musical experience" from John Lennon and his Japanese girl friend, artist Yoko Ono.

No decision has been made on the record jacket, but the proposed cover shows John and Yoko nude—front view on the front of the cover, back view on the rear. The rear view, it has been suggested, would be used in advertising.

British musical trade magazines have refused to advertise the album because of the nude pose, and Apple reports having difficulty in organizing distribution for the record. The music is from a new movie that John and Yoko have made together but not yet screened for the public.

In other news from Apple, it was announced on October 7th that, despite reports in the British national press, Apple Films will not be closing down. Newspapers had announced that the film division of Apple Corps would be going the way of the Apple Boutiques, which the Beatles closed down on July 30.

The truth of the story is that Apple Films' head Dennis O'Dell is leaving the company. Apple executive Jeremy Banks told Melody

Maker magazine that O'Dell would be concentrating on his own projects.

A statement read: "Apple Films, a division of Apple Corps, is not closing down, although Dennis O'Dell, associate producer of *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* has decided to relinquish his directorship of Apple Films and Apple Corps.

"There has been no dispute. On the contrary, he remains a confident and advisor and enjoys the friendship and trust of the Beatles and their co-directors. There are no plans for a feature film under the Apple banner at this time because with two records near the top of

most of the world's charts and five albums shortly to be released, the company is fully extended in the record and publishing field."

YELLOW SUBMARINE

NEW YORK—The Beatles' full-length cartoon feature *Yellow Submarine*, after numerous limited screenings, opens in New York during the week of October 28th, or at the latest the week of November 14th. Nine more cities will see the film by the end of November.

The King Features production, presented by Apple, had its London opening in July and is still running there.

'TOM DOOLEY' MILLIONAIRE BUSTED FOR GRASS

SAN FRANCISCO—Frank Werber, the former manager and producer of the original Kingston Trio, was arrested on October 14 for possession of marijuana and LSD. Authorities claim to have found 400 pounds of grass stashed in seven canvas barracks bags, an undisclosed quantity of hashish, and 1000 caps of LSD.

Werber was arrested by agents of the U.S. Customs Office, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Drug Abuse Control and the California State Bureau of Narcotics, who had been shadowing Werber and two other of the six people taken in the arrest. The arrest was made at Werber's home on De Silva Island, which lies off the coast of Mill Valley in Marin County.

Werber, a millionaire at 39 who is currently involved in a dozen corporations dealing in real estate, theaters and restaurants, was carrying a "huge" quantity of cash in his pockets at the time of the arrest, according to officers.

Arrested with the former folk-group manager were Judith Anne Sloper, 29, of the same address given for Werber, and four men in their thirties and forties. Werber was held without bail for federal authorities.

TRAFFIC SPLIT

LONDON—Dave Mason has left Traffic again, for the second and apparently last time. Mason, who is reported to be fairly impossible to work with although an excellent writer and singer, departed shortly after Traffic returned from their curtailed American tour.

Meanwhile, a new Traffic LP has been released in England. Mason is featured on the album, singing and songwriting. His titles include "You Can All Join In," "Don't Be Sad," "Vagabond Virgin," "Feeling All Right," and "Crying to be Heard." Most of the other songs, the R&B material, is the joint product of Stevie Winwood and Jim Capaldi.

As for the scheduled six-week-

The cartoon has been seen by small audiences in this country on various occasions, in New York and elsewhere. Among the showings is a midnight screening at the San Francisco Film Festival on October 25th.

Yellow Submarine will open on November 13 in Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Cleveland; Dallas and Denver the week following; and Pittsburgh, Chicago and San Francisco before the end of the month. Twenty-three other cities are scheduled to be added by the year's end.

tour, it was cancelled on October 10th, amid a superabundance of explanations, and rescheduled for November to last until just before Christmas.

A spokesman for the group gave the explanation that they hadn't been able to get the halls and dates they were expecting. Among troubles noticed by observers were Stevie Winwood's sore throat and a lack of togetherness on stage.

At the group's first date, at New York's Fillmore East, Stevie acknowledged on stage that Traffic hadn't played together for a couple of weeks. In fact, their last public appearance had been at the Sunbury Jazz Festival in Britain over a month before.

Finally, although it was denied by Traffic's spokesman, attendance at concerts was not always as high as the group had been accustomed to seeing. Bill Graham, who will book Traffic's November tour, blamed timing.

MOTOWN SUES PRODUCERS OF SUPREMES' HITS

DETROIT—A \$4 million damage suit has been filed against the writing-production team of Holland, Dozier and Holland by Motown Records and its music publishing affiliate, Jobete Music.

Motown is charging that Edward Holland, Lamont Dozier and Brian Holland have failed to honor their writing - production arrangement with the two companies since the latter part of 1967.

H-D-H has been with Motown since the early Sixties, writing and producing many of the label's biggest records, notably those of the Supremes. The suit charges that no musical compositions have been delivered and no production services have been performed since late 1967, and that H-D-H have threatened to take their services elsewhere unless they were given more favorable contracts.

Since January 1, 1965, the trio has received "salary, bonuses and royalties aggregating \$2,235,155.71," the suit points out.

Motown and Jobete seek damages and a court order enjoining Holland, Dozier and Holland from accepting outside assignments.

Motown and its subsidiary International Management Co. filed suit on October 2nd that two New York agents had conspired to destroy their contractual relationship with former Temptations singer David Ruffin.

Motown and IMC charged that C. B. Atkins and the Associated Booking Corporation, a New York firm headed by Joe Glaser, are inducing Ruffin to violate his recording and personal management contracts by employing their services.

Motown is asking for a prelimi-

nary injunction to keep Atkins and Associated Booking from offering services for personal appearances or making records, and also a permanent injunction and damages. A

Two Papas, One Mama Sued by Dunhill

LOS ANGELES—Three-fourths of the Mamas and Papas have been sued for \$200,000 by their record label, Dunhill, and Dunhill's subsidiary publishing company, Wingate Music. The suit charges breach of contract.

Defendants named are John and Michelle Phillips and Denny Doherty, but not Cass Elliott, who, according to a statement from Dunhill's PR firm, "is the only one of the four willing to perform designated contractual obligations."

The whole thing hinges on Dunhill's claim that the Mamas and Papas are committed to continued production of material, but with the group now inactive, it doesn't seem likely such material is forthcoming. Dunhill acknowledges that royalties are due the performers and says a deposit of \$250,000 has been made in a bank to cover these royalties, but to be paid as and when the court directs.

The record company further claims in its suit that more than \$1 million has been paid the Mamas and Papas in the past three years.

Superior Court has been asked to interpret and validate contract amendments between the Mamas and Papas and Dunhill in 1967—amendments which permitted Trousdale Music to assign all rights to Wingate Music. The early Mamas and Papas tunes were published by Trousdale.

Since the group's break-up,

Wayne County Circuit Court justice has granted Motown a temporary injunction prohibiting Ruffin from recording for any other label.

Mama Cass has gone out on her own as a single, but continues to record for Dunhill.

Correspondence

—Continued from Page 3
classified as folk singers, Ian & Sylvia have strong roots in bluegrass and country, dating back to their first album, and being most evident on their latest release, aptly named *Ian & Sylvia Nashville*.

DONALD BROWN
ATLANTA, GA.

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Meet Jerry Jeff Walker, Julie Driscoll-- Brian Auger & The Trinity, Billy Vera, and Clarence Carter on Atlantic-Atco Records

*We know that the Bee Gees and the
Buffalo Springfield are old friends.*



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BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
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of rock or soul or whatever it is. I have offended some, converted others, and made some more music-deaf by playing my disks. But I guess we are still pretty good off, compared to the Marines and Airedales, anyway."

The greatest difference is not between the services, however, but between upper-echelon officers (essentially, career military personnel)—all ranks above SP/5 (sergeant)—and enlisted men. As an SP/4 writes from near Thu Dau Mot, "Lifers can't comprehend rock and roll, they're completely disoriented doers of the establishment. Even ROTC and OCS three-year officers who should have some appreciation seem bound by some kind of unspoken code of conformity."

"Ned from Nha Trang," a GI stationed in Vietnam, elaborates: "The NCO's are a belligerent lot who spend their free time drinking in 'the club.' Officers aren't 'allowed' to associate with us lowly, peon, scum bag EM's (that's 'enlisted men,' what a fucking label, ugh)."

"You must realize that lifer dogs (besides being the most sexually fucked up minority of society) are the most colorless and slow group of people (yes — can a lifer be considered a person ???), for it takes the act of war to make them face the reality that 'something is happening' but you don't know what it is. Lifers are so out of touch with the emotionalism and combustion of rock that to a dog, 'it all sounds the same.'"

A sailor stationed at Pearl Harbor: "Officers consider rock at best the music of a stage from which they have long since passed into 'maturity.' At worst, the braying of a smelly, dirty, leftist, commie, pinko, homosexual, dope (generic term) taking hippie. Or vice-versa, depending on which you consider worse: a screaming jerk-off or a smug condescender."

A Marine Lance Corporal in Central Vietnam: "When the lifers & C.I.D. hear Doors or Dead, or Dylan and especially the Beatles, they bug ya, always looking for something."

The Armed Forces Radio and Television Service provides entertainment for military personnel overseas. But as you might expect, it is of, by and for career men (in enlisted men's idiom, "lifer dogs"). Says an SP/4 from near Khanh Hoa:

"Very few people are into AFVN Radio 'serving the capitol, Saigon,' because military radio is a real down. Army commercials are so dry that I would rather not go through the hassle. Every time the music stops there is Big Brother Uncle Sam talking to you with his liferdog propaganda."

"Some people make requests (to all the 'owners' of B Company, 14th Med) but those are the people still goofing on the Beach Blanket Fuck-In Movies. I never listen to the radio because it's mainly piped-in restaurant type music although someone told me he heard Dylan once. But you people must realize that most people are into tapes."

An SP/4 now back in the States, formerly stationed in Nha Trang: "The AFVN Radio comes across with swinging Chris Noel and her 'groovy' songs for an hour a night. They have a request show, but not all requests are played. The DJ apologizes and plays a substitute. The South VN Government won't let us play certain songs on the air. For instance, the Animals — 'We Got to Get Outa This Place.'"

A Corporal who gives his name as "Very Obscure," from Chu Yang Sin: "AFVN sucks, as the programming tries to please everyone. The Chris Noel show makes most GIs vomit. Don L. Brink, former WIBG (Philly) DJ used to be OK."

A Naval E/4 on a ship ported in San Diego: "Most of the Armed Forces radio I've heard was while we were operating in the Da Nang area. It reminded me of typical Top 40 stations in the States for less advertising, and, believe it or not, less variety. It's often broken up . . . several hours a day are devoted strictly to C&W music, the rest of the music is usually teeny-bopperish with only an occasional, uh, psychedelic surprise thrown in. To sum it up; it's better than listening to the ship rattle in the wind."

A 3rd Class yeoman on a ship out of Yokosuka, Japan: "Armed Forces Radio is totally lame. The songs they pass off as hits on their rock shows were on the charts at Christmas in the States. I don't know why they are so lame and out of it, but I was so disappointed on first hearing it that I don't bother to listen now that I have my tapes. The first two months I was here I listened every day, all that was worth hearing that I heard was 'Boogie' by Canned Heat and 'Sunshine of Your Love' by Cream."

A Navy E/5 out of Long Beach: "Armed Forces Radio is for Lifers Career Men! There is a young chick saying 'Hello Lovies' (it's Chris Noel — a phoney) & she plays Don Ho, Trini Lopez, Johnny Rivers & the bubble gum Top 10. Very lame."

Adak, Alaska: "AFRN stinks. During the hours when most men would listen to them, they play 'Hawaii Calls' or some sort of 'Polka Party' crap. About the only time they do play good music is between midnight and three in the morning and the only time I catch it is when I have the midwatch. During those hours they play most of the top 40 stuff, very few psychedelic or protest songs if any."

Luzon Island, in the Philippines: "AFRTS is the world's shittiest, small-town midwest old-woman right-wing plastic useless propagandizing bummer unturned-on controlled low-fidelity non-steroid — in short, it's just what you would expect. Actually, it's unbelievably bad — you'd think it would be 'camp,' but 'Don McNeill's Breakfast Club' just isn't."

An Airman 1st Class stationed in the Near East: "You haven't heard 'ugly radio' till you've heard AFRTS. Every other song there is a commercial for Savings Bonds, Red Cross, or something like that. You can make requests, but they had better be general. I once had a request turned down (Butterfield's 'Work Song') because it wasn't 'good rock.' I can't stand 'Frisky Chrissy' Noel. There is a taped show from LA, Jim Pewter who once a week plays things like the Doors, Canned Heat, Iron Butterfly, etc."

An AFRTS DJ explains why it's so bad:

"Music is provided by the AFRTS in Los Angeles. It comes in the form of pre-recorded programs varying in length from 10 to 55 minutes, with such swell personalities as Chris Noel, Ira Cook, John Doremus, and Johnny Grant. This is mostly middle-of-the-road stuff."

"They also supply album-sized disks of current releases in several categories — from religious to what they call 'Top Pop.' After getting permission from the recording companies, publishers, etc., they press these LP's themselves. They are mailed to AFRTS stations all over the world."

"We get no protest and very little psychedelic music. We never got 'Lady Madonna,' probably because of the 'baby at your breast' line. Some top twenty things just never show up — god knows why. We get very little album material — used to be none at all — it took a year to get anything from Sgt. Pepper. Now we get a few things by Country Joe, Cream, Grape and Hendrix."

"It's getting better all the time . . . but as you can guess we never got 'Eve of Destruction,' 'Universal Soldier,' or anything obvious like that. They're not too hip in LA or AFRTS — we did get 'Acapulco Gold.'"

"The main hangup is not what they send us, but the fact that we can only play what they release."

"As it stands now, we are on the air AM 24 hours a day. Of these, four are solid rock. Programming is mostly middle of the road. We have an FM station which simulcasts about 12 hours — other 12 it's music from classical to CBS's 'Young Sound.' We are in the process of revamping the AM schedule to make the most of programming 'contemporary,' which would mean nothing lighter than the CBS 'Young Sound.' It's about time. If I remember the figures correctly, about 90% of the Americans in Vietnam are under 23."

Things are looking up on another front, at least in Vietnam. A Corporal writes from near Bien Hoa: "About 4 weeks ago a new FM station appeared; it broadcasts from a 10'x10' steel army 'conex' on the Bien Hoa Air Base. It's WACL. They play songs from the Top 10 in the States plus some 'underground' stuff (last night I heard 'Crystal Ship' and 'The End' by the Doors which is pretty heavy for Vietnam). Last night I heard the Doors' 'Unknown Soldier' and I rejoiced at that and 'Wild Tyme' by the Jefferson Airplane being played in Vietnam."

When at sea, most naval vessels have shipboard radio — "to keep everybody from going nuts with boredom." This is extremely various, largely depending on what music sailors want to donate, as privately-owned tapes and records are played (upon permission of the commanding officer). On many ships C&W and oldies rock are all there is.

"It is ironic," says Ned from Nha Trang, "that the true American status symbol here is the taperecorder — it parallels the car thing in the States. The taperecorder is more ubiquitous than the radio and the record player because they're so much more practical for the Nam. You're either into rock through tapes or you're into a jukebox 'cause you're in town digging the whores."

For that matter, a Corporal in Saigon reports that the whorehouse jukeboxes are often more current than the AFRTS radio.

Post Exchanges and Naval Exchanges usually (though not always) stock records, but there is no uniform practice. Stateside exchanges sometimes have very good stocks; in the North of South Viet Nam there aren't even PX's. In some places PX's are run by wives and children of lifers, others by native civilians. The larger ships have Exchanges aboard, operated by assigned divisions of the crew.

According to a Corporal in an MP Platoon near Baie de Ben Goi, "Record selections are poor at the PX — mostly outdated lousy LP's from the pre-rock era. Gooks work in the PX's with an occasional lifer overseer. Why try to get any records — the damp dusty environment here isn't exactly conducive to long life of records or record players."

Ned from Nha Trang again: "The PX is not 'OUR' store. Whereas the PX always carries the latest in perfume, hair spray, and 17 different kinds of hair curlers (for all the whores), the record collection would make you puke — Wayne Newton, Herb Alpert shit, and 99c reject records. Since most people are into tapes, the record 'selection' is neglected and out dated."

"About half the PX's I've been in don't even bother to stock records; and if they do, their selection is always small and about a year or two behind the times. And most records sent by re-

ord clubs arrive all bent out of shape. Tapes, like good wines, travel so much better than records and are less expensive and more numerous in circulation."

"Although most people get tapes through other channels, tapes are just beginning to start up as a purchasing thing in the big PX's. The Nam is about 8 months behind the States."

A seaman on the USS Wahkiakum: "In early 1967 when rock album buying began to hit big (here) the navy exchange was surprisingly well stocked. Since then the selection has fallen far behind the volume of good stuff being put out. Now it's big names only, with a sprinkling of psychedelic covers. Get your new, turned on Rascals but no Butterfield."

A medical officer in the Philippines: "Absolutely no rock records on the island. PX has 50 copies each of 'Sing & Skate Along' and all of Hank Snow, etc., etc. (So bad, really, I don't want to bum you out any more.) Plus: we are not allowed to play a record before buying it. Found Nilsson and Firesign Theatre among the children's records, by luck! We get only shitty records here."

An airman in Turkey: "The PX gets records about once a week. In the most recent batch they had things like John Mayall, Beacon Street Union. My biggest complaint is that they are so damn slow getting them. I don't know who buys the records for the PX, but he has to be a James Brown fan, as they must get 200 of them in a week."

A petty officer stationed at an isolated Stateside post reports: "They have a fairly decent selection of records at the Exchange if you are fortunate to get there just as they unpack a new shipment. They stock primarily C&W and the Tony Bennett, Bobby Darin type junk, but occasionally they come up with some Butterfield or Stones or down in the dirt blues bag music. I was really surprised to find the Country Joe Fixin' to Die album. It was in the country and western section. All in all, most of us order our records from the States."

The USO live entertainment service offers little to a rock fan. An airman at Forbes Airforce Base in Kansas reports that in the States, "the USO puts on 'nice' dances. Nothing to compare with Winterland." A naval officer stationed in the Aleutian Islands: "You wouldn't believe the trash they pawn off on us under the name of talent. Could you dig watching some dude twirl a damn baton for an hour and a half. No rock acts at all. Mostly pure shit."

A corporal in Saigon: "I have seen only one USO show in the year I've been here — it was the only one I thought worth seeing. James Brown."

"To the best of my knowledge it is the only rock/pop/soul show that has been through. There should be more. It is a documented fact that more people came to see Brown than came to see Bob Hope. Says something."

Mostly the USO's feature what respondents call "Hollywood has-beens," comedy acts, girl singers, C&W, and clean-cut collegiate acts like the New Christy Minstrels. Vietnam is exceptional — here many Philippine, Korean, Vietnamese and other Asian rock groups play, often enlivening their imitations of English and American hits with Oriental go-go girls in miniskirts, and anything in miniskirts always goes over well."

This Vietnamese rock scene will come as a surprise to those who imagine the Vietnamese either in quaint foreign dress or reproachful rags. SP/Scott Manning describes it:

"Amid the confusion and concussion of the war, Vietnamese teenagers are having a cultural revolution all their own, heavily influenced by the French, —Continued on Next Page

Went to the river, hoping you'd come,
Your eyes full of lightning, your hair all undone.
—Mad River 1:3



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—Continued from Page 6
American and Australian colonies that have become almost a permanent part of their society.

"In Saigon their dress is mod-ish. Most girls prefer miniskirts to the traditional ankle-length 'ao-dai.' For most young men, the current style is Army green, but those under 17 (the legal draft age) wear low-rise tapered slacks with wide belts, usually topped by a high-collared shirt trimmed with lace panels.

"The most way-out fashions are found on the city's pop music groups, made up of Japanese, Filipinos, Malaysians and draft-deferred Vietnamese. They call themselves the Dew Drops, the Blue Stars, the Dukes. Like their names, their music is predominantly American, favoring soft commercial sounds like 'Simon Says' (a long-time hit here) and soul.

"No set at Saigon's Whiskey A-Go-Go would be complete without well-rehearsed versions of 'Black Is Black,' 'Unchained Melody,' 'Gloria,' and 'San Francisco (Wear Flowers in Your Hair).'"

These Asian bands, who learn their songs largely from pirate pressings of American and English records made in Hong Kong, are found in bars in every Far Eastern port. One of their big headquarters is Subic Bay in the Philippines, where the town of Olongapo has some 10,000 registered prostitutes working out of 4,000 whorehouses, and every bar has a rock band.

A good number of American enlisted men buy guitars and amplifiers, mostly Philippine imitation Fenders (good British equipment is available in Hong Kong, a free port). A relatively small number of bands are formed, though, due mostly to the instability of military assignment. Says 'Sparkley,' of an MP platoon near Bien Hoa, "I'd like to tell you about our band that happily existed for a couple of months in Vietnam. The name of it was the Leadville Feed, Seed and Bag Company. Two guitars, bass, drums, lead singer.

"We got screwed by the Army, but then—doesn't everything? We were going pretty good but then we couldn't use the hootch [barracks] any more because we were 'too loud' and they forbid our drummer from playing with us because he's an officer (very young 2nd lieutenant who also hates the Army) and then they wouldn't let us use the Army truck to haul our equipment plus our lead and rhythm guitarist just got out of the Army. Which is cool but not for me because I'm the only one left and I've got a year to go."

Says our respondent in Adak, Alaska: "Listen, man, it would take more than two pages to tell you this bit, but I'll relay what I can. I was a professional musician in the States for 4 years before I joined this mess. I played all over the Southwest and in California and I have played for every type of audience and nearly every type of music. Never did I ever find such difficulties involved in playing gigs.

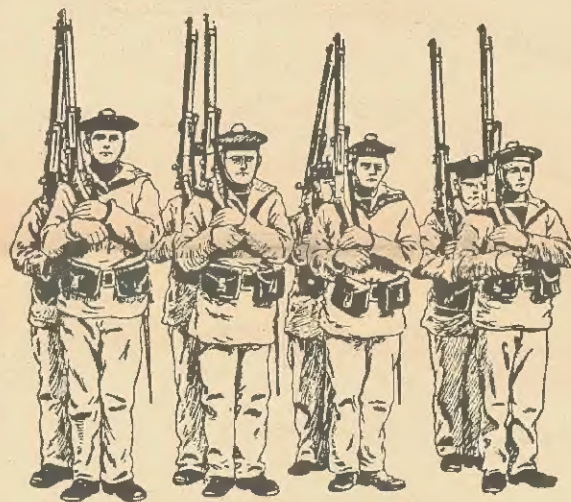
"We formed a group here, the Purple Haze playing primarily hard rock and blues. First we had to submit the name of the group for approval by the Commanding Officer. (Purple Haze was passed, he obviously has never heard of Hendrix, and related to some 1920 Standard like 'Deep Purple'.)

"After this problem was solved, we had to submit a special request to start a private enterprise on the Naval Station. We nearly got in trouble for this because we played one gig before we learned of the regulation requiring authorization. After we played for about three weeks we were banned from the Officer's Club on pretty hazy reasons, but most of it boiled down to the fact that three of us had mustaches.

"Soon thereafter we were canceled out at the Enlisted Men's Club because the men were too hard to control on the nights we played. (Naturally, it has been so long since most of us have heard good live music that it's impossible to keep your feet still.) Even though they had plenty of Shore Patrol on hand, they just didn't want to be bothered with the problems that might arise when the men have a good time.

"So now, the enlisted men and everyone else on this rock get a steady diet of bad, bad country and western. After getting the boot from those two clubs, the best gigs here, there were only two other places to play, and all they allowed in the first place was C&W.

"We were also individually harassed because of our connection with the



band. The men can make it pretty rough on you if they don't dig you, and still stay within the limits of the law. We had to call it quits. We aren't the first band to get this treatment, from what I understand, this has been the policy here and in other places in the Navy for the past few years. Why give the men good entertainment, and have some of them get out of band, when they can dish out lousy crap and have no trouble whatsoever? Of course, the men don't dig it, but what the hell, you can't please everybody, can you? This is their attitude."

Recently the word has been getting out in national weeklies and the underground press as well: if you missed out getting turned on marijuana in high school or college, the Service will give you the opportunity to continue your education.

There was a small-scale marijuana scandal right after World War I centering upon servicemen stationed in and passing through the Panama Canal Zone. (A seaman on the USS Boxer reports that everyone is still searched coming aboard in the Canal Zone.) This was before Federal legislation against cannabis, and it was also a different scene, mostly non-specific hell-raising.

World War II and the Korean War were also different scenes—there was no talk of a "drug menace" attacking the ranks, although thousands of men saw combat in North Africa and Southeast Asia, where hemp has been cultivated since time out of mind (as the phrase goes.) Both cannabis and opium are known in Korea, but it seems only

a few of the generation of the Fifties thought to experiment with the two quite different smokes.

Plainly the difference is in the generation and in the war. The Forties and its war were crusading against Fascism and the Fifties operated in numb obedience. The key word in this generation is revolt and the current war has no meaning for most draftees—it is obvious that the Vietnamese don't want them in their country, and it is not obvious at all what interest a draftee has in being there.

So incredible numbers of enlisted men are smoking grass to "get away," and more than that, to reinforce their feelings of solidarity with other unwilling conscripts. This is on top of the generation-wide taste for novel thrills and some of these men were blowing pot even before they were drafted.

The fact remains that the military provides at least as much exposure to marijuana as a big-city college. This is implicitly recognized in the practice of allowing servicemen to turn in contraband before reaching US Customs, with no questions asked.

A corporal writes from a former French resort town in Vietnam:

"There is something about being a head in Vietnam that you can't get back in the world. It may have something to do with complete feeling of oneness (same clothes, same paycheck, no competition for girls, etc.) or it could be other things. But I'm not here to philosophize, am I?

"There is one interesting thing about grass here. In Vietnam you buy ten already rolled J's for about 100 piastres

(88c). 1 or 2 at the most is all you need to get high, where it might take 4 or 5 in the world. Because it is so cheap and effective, many very straight people come over and by the time they return to Altus, Oklahoma, or wherever, they are full-fledged heads and have a new outlook on many things. The Vietnam experience is doing a lot more good, in some ways, than you would think.

"Because pot is so cheap and abundant, it is smoked like a regular cigarette—tossed away like butts when it becomes too short, and a new one is lighted up. The paths are littered with roaches. Walking along a road one might think how ironical it is that here, in Vietnam, the streets are literally 'paved with gold.'

"Unlimited supplies. Pot and opium is all they have here. Out of 600 men a good solid half, possibly more, turn on with J's regularly. A few dozen of these on opium. The common practice is to blow outside the barracks, rap a while, then back in to listen to some music. You see GI's walking to and from places blowing all the time. Of course it's not so open in the world."

An SP/4 writing from a mountain in Vietnam: "Grass is plentiful and cheap. LSD comes from the States. Occasionally we have Afghani and Pakistani hashish and sometimes meth. Opium is plentiful. We take or smoke anything we can. I'm stoned 50% of my waking hours, like now for instance. War? What war?

"We smoke semi-covertly. We work stoned. Music most of the time. Our favorite combination is HOG (hash, O, grass.) I dropped 500 micro-g's of Acid last month. Four people total dropped and we mainly had an introvert head trip, as there was little visual stimulation. I tripped on Byrds' music for about two hours. I also went to Army school in the States stoned on acid. Big color trip.

"Most Army jobs are so intellectually easy that it is possible to be stoned all the time, which many of us do for (literally) weeks on end.

"Oh yeah, I went to reinforce an ambushed patrol once stoned on Meth. Bodies splashed all over the road, and I just diddledbopped down the road digging people with no heads, and some sergeant starts yelling at me to get down. I walked up to him, an only then did I realize that I was the only guy standing up, and everyone else was under cover. So I turned around and walked back down the road which really blew the sergeant's mind. Speed is good for combat, though.

"I've met many paratroopers who swear by grass for killing people. Never killed anyone yet, so I don't know.

"I hitchhiked from Bangkok to Vientiane, Laos, in February. Spent about 30c that day. Lived in Laos for four days on about \$5, smoking opium with the Laos. The Third Eye in Vientiane is a head-run night-club-restaurant featuring folk and rock. Much of the audience is O-heads."

An SP/4 in Dian: "Grass is easier to get than booze. About 60% of the company blows grass and about 40% of the entire post does. The Army likes to lie about these statistics—I am not exaggerating in my estimation. It is smoked everywhere, especially around groovy sounds."

A "Speedy 4" from Nha Trang: "Grass is all over the place if you're aware of it. Any kid on the street who pesters you with 'Hey GI, you want number one girl?' knows where you can score. Most barbershops carry it."

"Fu 100 Fiestas (about 2 dollars) you can cop 10 prerolled fat joints (round as cigarettes) wrapped in foamy plastic bags. For just 300 Pee you can cop about four ounces of the most beautiful loose shit. You become lazy here—throwing away roaches and acting so nonchalant about the whole thing—just because the prices are so mindblowing low.

"I've found that I can swap a carton of Salems (\$1.50, tax free, at the PX) for four or five bags. The best grass I've smoked is from Cambodia, although the Mekong Delta has some excellent shit.

"I would say that about 25% of my unit smoke 'regularly.' It is almost as if you can't afford not to smoke, boo is so cheap. I would say that at least 90% of the GI's here have smoked at least once. From what I can gather, the troops in the field smoke a lot more regularly than support troops. Apparently a lot of the enemy—Charlie and

NVA's—get all fucked up before they fight the Americans.

"Recently I've been getting into the Magic O. Opium usually goes for 50c a bowl although I've blown at one place for 25c a bowl. Like, this place where I go there is a beautiful Buddhist temple in which to freak. 'Papasan' tells me that when the French were here that some of their troops used to do O.

"I try to stay away from the fucking Army when I'm flyin' high, the military in such a fucking drug. War is a bore."

Report from Saigon: "Pot everywhere! From cab drivers, bar girls, cops, you name it. Very cheap I'm told... hash as well, and the security people warn us that heroin and opium are flooding across the border. They say that the comies are putting opium in the joints to get GI's hooked... I don't know any."

"I would guess that 40% of the people here use pot regularly—some places openly—with commanders, NCO's. 80% must have tried it one time or another."

Another Marine near Da Nang: "Weed is a snap but I've never looked for acid. I am almost always in places where an acid trip might prove fatal. Not too groovy. As a rule, weed and opium (if that's your thing) are easy as they are native. Other things take longer and more devious routes. Everyone turns on to weed. Pot will be legalized if the 18-20 year-olds can get back from here to vote."

Vietnam is the center of the action, but the Navy, because of the continuous travel and the selection of men who enlist, is also full of heads of all sorts. A sailor whose ship runs between Japan and various South East Asian ports reports this:

"Marijuana and other drugs are easily available in most ports of the East, but LSD is non-existent. Japan is very poor for marijuana—downers are easily had in any pharmacy, although they are supposedly off-limits to US military. The Philippines, Hong Kong and Singapore are all great for pot, and Singapore and Hong Kong have a lot of opium. Hashish is great in Bangkok."

"On the ship I was stationed on up until a month ago, forty per cent of the crew turned on regularly. The back (fantail) of the ship was just like a big party with sometimes as many as thirty-five sailors all turning on in groups of three and four. The cops on the ship had no idea what was going on."

A lieutenant ported out of Long Beach: "LSD is only available through the mail from California. Not many guys turn on to acid because the ship is small and it's hard to hide yourself. Grass is plentiful and almost one-half the non-career men turn on."

"May I recommend Singapore for Indian hemp and very cheap—\$10 a pound. ZAP!"

A Seaman 3rd on a communications ship: "Grass is easily available in Kaohsiung (Taiwan), Japan, Subic Bay, P.I. There was one guy who said he'd 'taken' marijuana and then he asked me what 'pot' was—kinda mixed up."

An E-3 (enlisted man 3rd class) on a ship touring in the Atlantic reports on the scene on the other side of the world:

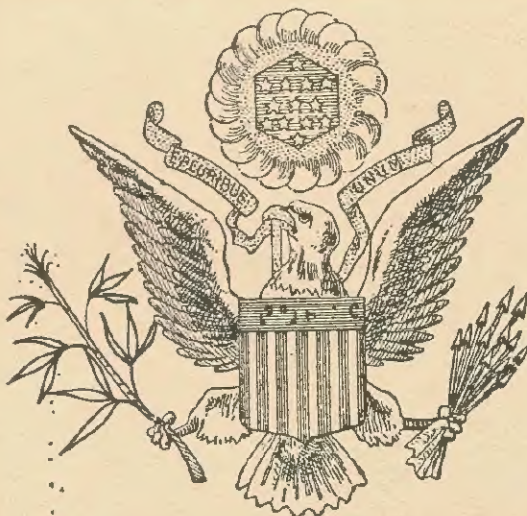
"When you hit a foreign port it's as easy to get grass as it is in Tijuana. Acid is practically impossible to get. Speed is fairly easy. In Turkey it's easier to get hash and opium than anything else."

"In the Caribbean grass is very easy to get. You can get it from the farmers for between \$2-\$10 a pound. You can buy it in the city for \$20-\$30 a pound. I'd say at least 50% have tried it."

"I was stationed at the Nuclear Power School in Vallejo (near San Francisco) for 6 months. I'd say approximately 30% turned on regularly, it could be higher. It is definitely not lower. I don't know whether to attribute that to the intelligence of the personnel there or to the area. I also think if you took a count of the number of servicemen attending the Fillmore and Avalon you would be surprised."

The reputation of California as a drug scene is such that, as a sailor on the USS Arlington says, "Right away if you're from California you're a hippie or a queer (to the officers). It used to bug me." Here's a report from the Defense Language Institute in Monterey:

"What available? Just about everything—Grass: Vietnamese, Columbian, Acapulco Gold, Panama Red, and Carmel Valley Local. Then there are the pills that people get through their local



friendly dispensary. Darvons have always been very big. At one point last fall I knew that fully 50% of my barracks had at least tried grass. This is only unusual in that there are no Vietnam returnees here. I would guess that 30-35% of the enlisted personnel as DLI turn on. At Fort Ord it's not unusual to find whole companies turning on."

You don't have to be stationed abroad or in California, though, according to a respondent from Fort Polk, Louisiana:

"Grass is most popular. Not too hard to hold of. You can always get high because the people in the dispensary always get things. A lot of people smoke, but it is very much discouraged

by the MPs. So it's not possible here to turn on in the open. When we do usually we smoke in my room or out in the forest."

In Germany, one of the largest duty stations outside South East Asia, a PFC reports that "grass is easy, hash is easier, no LSD. I don't deal in other drugs, but if somebody wanted some, it would be only a small hassle. Very few turn on, never openly. The few who do are very tight. Being stoned and listening to music helps you 'get away.'"

An Airman in Turkey says, "Hashish is fairly easily obtained. The price is about \$10 for a stick about 2 fingers wide, and about the length of your middle finger long. Recently seven of my

buddies got busted for smoking. One cat thought that he was going to die, so he went to the hospital, and turned everybody in. All of them are currently being nailed to the cross."

"Generally hash is in fairly widespread use, I'd say that 1/3 of the enlisted men turn on. A lot of the smoking is done in the rooms, although I did see one cat light up a joint in the snackbar."

Despite paranoid stories in the Berkeley Barb and other underground papers, it does not seem that apprehended or suspected smokers are being sent to the front lines on certain-death missions. While troublemakers may be treated maliciously, inconspicuous marijuana usage is currently being winked at by all branches of the service, although naturally no official statement has been made to this effect.

The reason is simple—there are too many men involved, and a full-scale crackdown would make for serious depletions in the ranks, especially among the trained specialists. Individuals at lower levels of command, including senior enlisted men, may go in for harassment as individuals, but the top-level policy is to turn a blind eye to the phenomenon.

Convicted drug users face discharge, but most often an administrative discharge, which is not dishonorable. Both sailors and Vietnam GI's report cases of men provoking a bust in order to get out of the service.

Recently some people in the peace movement have been taking an interest in the plight of the large scale slice of this generation unwillingly imprisoned in olive drab. In addition to the organized pacifists and radicals who put out the GI-oriented newspapers The Ally, The Bond, Vietnam GI and others, an organization formed by Fred Gardner of Ramparts Magazine (Summer Of Support) has been establishing coffeehouses in the vicinity of half a dozen Stateside military bases.

These coffeehouses provide a place to talk and listen to music in an un-military environment. They provide the only taste of freedom and Bohemianism available to the men at the bases, many of which are located in dreary places in the rural South. Tom Cleaver writes about musical tastes at the Olea Strut, near Camp Hood, Kilteen, Texas:

"There is more political content than one would probably find in a civilian community, but I think that this is because of the same reasons that black slaves had 'political' music. It is a quiet way of expressing what they think without being too active about it, thus keeping down the possibility of individual visibility."

Enlisted servicemen make up a lot of people, caught in a particularly nasty and confusing middle-of-things. But it seems plain that it's all one generation, uniformed or not.

"I feel guilty when I think of the people who resisted and went to jail. That was something I couldn't do. I'm not serving my country, the ones who are in jail are serving their country."

"There's nothing I can do now but keep stoned. Am I 'passing the buck'? I did go as far as I could, I refused to do anything that had to do with combat."—A medic in Germany.

"People who are lucky enough to get CO or 4F classifications have no idea at all how bad it all is. Especially basic training. Girls have no idea at all what we go through. I am at an Army Reception Station where guys come their first five days in the Army, and I've seen the Army drive people to do things I could not believe. Suicides and attempted suicides are regular things."

"I can only suggest that people with the draft very close do either of two things if they don't think they can handle it. (1) Split—they will never catch you if you're cool, and (2) press for a CO (conscientious objector) very hard."—Fort Polk, Louisiana.

"I guess about the only thing that really fucks with my mind is the thought of how foolish this whole ordeal is. Every day I see evidence that indicates the Vietnamese people resent our presence—if they don't want us and we don't want to be here, just what the hell gives?"

"For three weeks in a row, 'Sky Pilot' was number one in Bien Hoa. I keep thinking of the line, 'A young soldier so ill/Looks at the sky pilot, remembers the words, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'. Man, give me some slack, huh. Thank God for the sense of sound."—An MP in Vietnam.



MUDDY WATERS

The pictures accompanying this article were originally used in a booklet which is packaged inside the Electric Mud LP. Even if you decide not to buy the record, here's the beautiful pictures.

BY PETE WELDING

It has been only slightly more than two decades since the era of modern blues was ushered in—hesitantly at first—with a number of important recordings on several small Chicago-based labels. The exact chronology is woefully confused, but among the earliest sessions were probably those featuring singer-pianist Sunnyland Slim, guitarist Muddy Waters, bassist Big Crawford, and vocalist Floyd Jones for Tempo Tone about 1947 or 1949 (young vocalist-harmonica player Little Walter Jacobs was added for two sides). Shortly after, Waters, Sunnyland and Crawford recorded six titles for Aristocrat, and at much the same time Waters, Little Walter and vocalist-guitarist Baby Face Leroy Foster recorded a pair of numbers under the latter's name for Parkway.

Many of the important early postwar Chicago blues recordings were issued on Aristocrat. The Waters-Sunnyland Slim recordings (Aristocrat 1301, 1302 and 1304), followed earlier releases on the label by Little Johnny [Jones] and Waters ("Big Town Boy/Shelby County," 405), Waters ("Screamin' & Cryin'"/"Where's My Woman Been," 406, and "Rollin' & Tumblin'," Parts 1 and 2, 412); and Leroy Foster with Waters ("Locked Out Boogie"/"Shady Grove Blues," 1234), among others. Other early recordings were those by Johnny Young and Johnny Williams on Oranella, and Little Walter on the same label. It was a hectic, exciting time.

A revolution was in the making, though it passed unnoticed at first. The conquest by the new idiom, however, was signalled with the release of Waters' recordings of a pair of Mississippi-styled blues of great power and intensity, "I Can't Be Satisfied" and "I Feel Like Going Home," on Aristocrat 1305. Over the steady, percussive slap-bass

work of the late Big Crawford, Waters accompanied his dark, majestic singing with bottleneck playing of great force and sensitivity in a style which suggests a combination of the work of two masters of slide guitar he had heard during his younger days in the Clarksdale, Miss., area, Son House and Robert Johnson. (Waters was born in Rolling Fork, Miss., April 4, 1915.)

There was a difference between Muddy's instrumental work and that of House and Johnson, however, and the crucial difference was the result of Waters' use of electric guitar on his Aristocrat sides; he had taken up the amplified instrument shortly after moving to Chicago in 1943. The electrically-amplified sound gave the guitar a strong, cutting edge and imparted a real feeling of power—with little, if any, loss of subtlety—to the performances. (It is instructive to compare his playing of these pieces with his earlier versions of these and other songs, recorded for the Library of Congress some six years earlier, while Wa-

ters was still living in Mississippi. The accompaniments on the two sets of recordings are virtually the same; the sole difference is the use of electric guitar on the later recordings and these sides are, as a result, nothing short of overwhelming. Amplification truly lends another dimension to the performances; too, Waters' voice and attack are stronger and more commanding, perfectly complementing the resonant power of the guitar playing.)

The record was an immediate hit in the blues-and-rhythm market of the post-war years and, as a result of its popular acceptance, Muddy was elevated to "star" status. Up until this time he had been just one of a number of artists recorded by Aristocrat and was even, according to Muddy, held in little esteem by Leonard Chess, one of the operators of the label he was eventually to take over completely and to which he lent his name.

Recalling those days, Muddy remarked, "At the time Leonard Chess



had a lady for a partner in Aristocrat. Chess didn't like my style of singing; he wondered who was going to buy that. The lady said, 'You'd be surprised who'd buy that.' He was dead down on our material. Finally, though, he let me make a record in September or October of 1946, and it was released in 1947, somewhere in May.

[Waters' recollection of these dates is probably a year of two off.]

"Everybody's records came out before mine. Andrew Tibbs had two records out before me, 'Union Man Blues' and something else ['B.I.B. Is Dead']. But when they released mine and it hit the ceiling, then Chess began to come close to me. Changed his tune, because I was selling so fast they couldn't press them fast enough at that particular time. Then he began to get close to me, because Andrew Tibbs had done failed."

"If 'I Can't Be Satisfied' and 'I Feel Like Going Home' launched Waters' career as an important recording artist, the record also was responsible for initiating the modern electric blues style since labelled 'Chicago blues' and which was ultimately to dominate postwar Negro popular music. While it was not the first recording in this style, it was first to gain widespread sales beyond Chicago, particularly in the South, and triggered the vast number of postwar blues recordings which followed.

By this time Muddy had assembled a four-piece group consisting of himself and Jimmy Rogers, guitars; Little Walter Jacobs, harmonica; and Baby Face Le-

roy Foster, drums, with which he was performing at various taverns around Chicago.

"After the record hit," Muddy recalled, "I was building the group with Walter, Jimmy Rogers, Baby Face Leroy and myself, but still I had to go down there and record with just Big Crawford and myself. Chess wouldn't upset things, he wouldn't mess with the harp or the extra guitar. He wanted to keep the combination that had made the hit record—just Big Crawford's bass and my guitar."

Through his recordings of the late 1940s and early '50s Muddy and his co-workers fully defined the postwar ensemble blues style. Guitars, harmonica and, later, bass were heavily amplified and their roles in the ensemble evolved into a richly contrapuntal style that emphasized strong, direct rhythms which were underscored by simple, powerful drumming. The whole evolution of the idiom may be charted on LP, from Waters' solo performances ("Rollin' Stone"), the collaborations with Big Crawford ("Walkin' Blues," "Canary Bird," "Little Geneva," "Sittin' Here and Drinkin'," "Train Fare Home," "Rollin' and Tumblin'," and the previously unissued "Down South Blues" and "Kind Hearted Woman"—a variant of the Robert Johnson song), the magnificent Big Crawford-accompanied guitar duets with Little Walter ("Honey Bee," "Still A Fool"), through the early guitar-harmonica-bass explorations with Little Walter and Crawford ("Appealing

Blues," "Early Morning Blues," "Too Young to Know," "Sad Letter Blues," "You're Gonna Need My Help," "Long Distance Call," "Louisiana Blues"), to early band performances ("She Loves Me," "Standing Around Crying"), and mature, larger group efforts ("She's All Right," "I Want You to Love Me," "I'm Ready," "Hoochie Koochie Man," "I Just Want to Make Love to You," "Mannish Boy," "Forty Days and Forty Nights," "Just to Be With You," and others).

On these, the whole evolution of the "classic" modern amplified ensemble blues style is delineated in a number of the finest, most fully realized performances by one of the idiom's strongest and most talented innovators. Collectively, they underscore the huge debt modern music owes to this man and his co-workers, particularly the late Little Walter (It scarcely needs to be pointed out that others were also contributing to the flowering of the music at much the same time as Waters, among them Howling Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Elmore James and John Lee Hooker, to cite only the better known performers.)

Now, on almost the 20th anniversary of Muddy's recording debut, Chess Records has elected to memorialize (intentionally or not) his contributions to the development of modern music with the release of an album *Electric Mud* (Capitol 314), on which Muddy's singing as well as a number of his most important songs are subjected to a barrage of pseudopsychodelic accompaniment that

all but obliterates the man and his music. While there is nothing intrinsically wrong in the idea of providing a contemporary-styled instrumental setting that takes intelligent advantage of the advances in musical conception that modern technology has facilitated one would be hard pressed to envision a more than tasteless, insensitive handling of these techniques than that which producers Marshall Chess, Charles Stepney (who is also responsible for the "arrangements") and Gene Barge have come up with here. Their production evinces absolutely no understanding of either contemporary rock or Waters' music. All the character and power of the latter is totally defaced by the excessive guitar work, overbusy drumming and bass playing, inept horn parts (which are often out of tune in the bargain), and by—most important—the utter irrelevance of the arrangements and their too thick textures to the music at hand. Muddy, incidentally, doesn't even know who the musicians accompanying him are. He met them in the studio.

The album, sadly, is nothing more than a parody of both Waters' music and contemporary instrumental practices, the use of the latter amounting to little more than an ugly patchwork of effects. "Electric Mud" does great disservice to one of the blues' most important innovators, and prostitutes the contemporary styles to which his pioneering efforts have led. In this dismal set Waters is all but engulfed by the worst excesses of a

—Continued on Page 22



**If you won't listen to
your parents, the Man or the
Establishment...**

**Why should you
listen to us?**

Because of the power of Rock,
the spirit of the Blues, the heart of
Country-Folk.

Because of the sound of love and
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The sound of a search.

Because of a white chick belting
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back.

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brothers signing their vibrations
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a young songwriter who got tired
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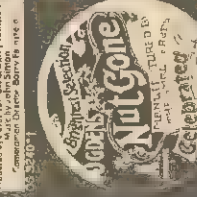
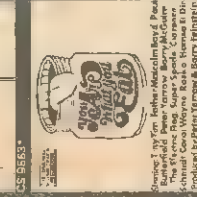
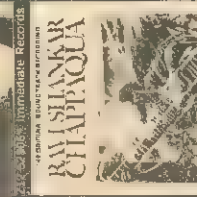
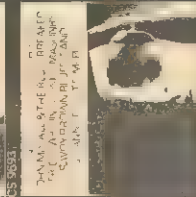
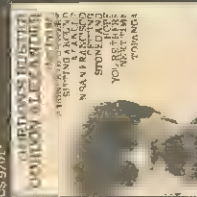
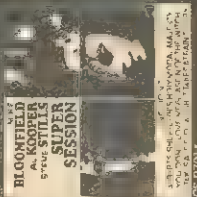
the sound track of the image of our
time—"You Are What You Eat"

a musical accompaniment to the
agonies of heroin—"Chappaqua"

an album that's as different as it
looks—Small Faces

an imported sound with a
macabre name—The Zombies

Because it's you
And the only way to listen



MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL



BY JOHN BURKS

MONTEREY—Most of the music at the Monterey Jazz Festival was like the fixed smile on the face of a latter middle-aged society page matron—weary, sagging, desperately trying to be “with-it.” Telling the same old “charming” stories over and over. How many more times are we going to hear Count Basie play “Blues in Hoss Flat” again? The natural question after this Monterey week-end is whether jazz is ready for the Rest Home.

There were a few rays of hope amid the general gloom. One of these was a young man who clothes himself more like a rock musician, maybe one of the Grateful Dead. As he packed up his vibes, following a tumultuous set, he seemed entirely out of place in the Brooks Brothers backstage atmosphere. It was Gary Burton, in his motorcycle jacket, jeans and flowing straw-color hair.

“It sometimes seems that way,” he said, “but jazz isn’t dying. It’s changing to a point where most of these people”—he nodded in the direction of the Monterey audience—“probably won’t be able to recognize it. It’s going to draw on lots of different sources, classical and country and, of course the blues, and all kinds of music. There’s a lot more communication now, as far as the musicians are concerned. The jazz scene isn’t closed like it used to be. So it’s natural that we’re expanding into other things.”

But so many of the successful older players keep playing the same old crap, year after year, even the same solos. “Yes, but if you look at what’s happening,” Burton said, “you see that the older guys are retiring. The demand for them is less. The Modern Jazz Quartet hasn’t changed its style in fifteen years and they’re working less and less.” Frank Sinatra is a prime example. “Sinatra’d be in real trouble if he tried to put out as many records and appearances as he used to. He’s not what’s happening.”

Burton sees an new influence on jazz and rock coming into the picture. Or an old influence re-asserting itself. “For the next couple of years you’re going to be hearing a lot of country music. I think my group’s got a lot of that feeling and we’re going to incorporate more of it. It’s amazing the depth of feeling in country music.”

What you get, when you assemble a line-up of “safe” performers (Basie, Peterson, Carmen McRae, Billie Eckstine, Mel Torme, the MJQ, Cal Tjader) who normally play the expensive clubs, is a night-club audience. Monterey was like on big outdoor nightclub.

“Wanna beer?” It was truly startling—when Burton’s music would hush to the dynamics of a bass solo, for instance—to hear the cocktail hour cackle and chatter. Often the majority were oblivious to the music. “Hey, gimme a belt, willya?” It was party time for the 35-to-50 year-old (black and white, with out regard to race, creed or color) Swinger Set, with Count Basie for background music, just like Basin Street West.

Barely half a dozen moments rose above the general torpor to be worthy of attention, it should be noted in fairness to the Swingers.

Burton’s set was delightful. His quartet has an incredible lift and jilt—strengthened, if anything, by the replacement of Larry Coryell by Jerry Hahn in the guitar seat—and a hard edge, too. Roy Haynes

increasingly fits rock figures—and feeling—into his drumming behind Burton. It comes out sort of super-groovy Ginger Baker, except another realm altogether, really.

Gabor Szabo did a special set with star and violin (beautifully played by Bill Plummer and Mike White, in that order) added to his two guitar, bass, drum, conga instrumentation—mellow. It began with a very Indian drone, cymbals swishing, violin groaning, bass moaning, star actually talking—a very Eastern, very bluesy dialect. Then into a module, circular pattern, drummer blowing rock-like 3/4, 5/4, 6/8, open and free, Szabo wailing like a gypsy, White turning the scales inside out Coltrane-like, a taut, Indo-gypsy-rock jazz pulse volcanic and driving. Szabo really should record this.

Later, we rapped about where the music is going. “Rock is more imaginative than jazz,” flatly announced the little Hungarian, a freedom-fighter in his home country before his escape to the U.S. a dozen years ago. “All the most imaginative kids are going into rock instead of jazz. This is why rock is hitting, and is going to hit, a much higher level than before.”

At the same time, men like Szabo, who “grew up with straight jazz,” are now moving away from those roots. Toward the combination of the best from all musics Gary Burton spoke of? “More and more that’s happening,” said Szabo. “The rock players are into the same thing. There’s no difference, really. We’re all trying to expand the limits. Whatever ‘style’ emerges from this exploration is what everybody will be playing. Forget about the labels, rock and jazz.”

Don Ellis, who looked faintly ridiculous in the puffy-sleeve Renaissance tunics specially designed for his band, agreed with Szabo. “There’s no question the kids have moved away from jazz,” he said. Ellis himself has recorded with the Mothers of Invention, the United States of America and Al Kooper, so he knows what he’s talking about. “Jazz has become too stagnant. It used to be at the forefront of everything in American music. Not today. Personally, I’m getting some of my biggest kicks out of the advanced rock groups.”

Ellis feels that nothing important has happened to jazz in the sixty years or so it has been around—nothing in terms of introducing new musical strains to the basic Afro-European mixture. This is why he’s so heavily into electronics, Indian music, Eastern music generally, and unusual metres like 5/4, 7/4, 9/4, 11/4, 13/4, 19/4 and so on. “The kids’ ears are wide open now. They hear all the rock groups, and some of them are pretty far out . . . They accept everything now, everything that moves them.”

Ellis is a nice guy, he’s devoted a lot of hard work to his thing, he’s a giver. But for me, his set was one of the biggest bores of the festival. There’s something particularly disappointing about experimental music that doesn’t make it, and—for all the electronic amplification and cross rhythms—Ellis’s band reminded me of some gigantic overstuffed bird, flapping and snorting, unable to get off the ground. Plenty of bombast and thunder; not one heavy soloist in the band, Ellis included.

Dizzy Gillespie made more music just playing obbligates behind Carmen McRae than the total sum of everything the Ellis band attempted. And Diz’ new two-part composition, “To Rosa Parks, Et Al” and “To the Reverend K.” was magnificent. Combining

joy, dignity and heavy, heavy soul in equal measure, his rhythm section laying down a groove that Otis Redding would have loved, Diz unleashed what just may have been the most moving, most incandescent solo he has ever played.

There’s no reason to waste space describing the rest of it. In the main, it was old people playing the same music they’ve played for over decades and young people trying to master older styles, rather than give something of themselves.

No attention was paid to Monterey’s Statement of Principle (conveniently not printed in this year’s program), which has to do with presenting the best new jazz performers and compositions “rather than merely ‘play it safe’ with an endless parade of ‘name’ attractions.” The only full-scale composition on the program was Lalo Schiffrin’s empty, pompous jazz mass, which was recorded in 1964. Hardly new—and not worth repeating.

Jimmy (“I got into this eleven years ago because I like the big bands”) Lyons, founder and festival manager, explained: “We decided to play it safe this year with the big names we knew would sell tickets.” His first duty, he said, was to make money, odd, when you consider that Monterey is a non-profit institution established to raise scholarships. There are plenty of ways to make a good deal more money than can be gotten by compromising the quality of what has, traditionally, been the best of American jazz festivals.

So Jimmy Lyons digs the old swing bands—who the hell is Jimmy Lyons, anyway? Monterey doesn’t belong to him. Jimmy Lyons *doesn’t* dig avant garde jazz. “Ayler and Shepp and those guys. I don’t like their music.” Thus is explained the complete absence of the impassioned generation of blacks in whose hands the future of jazz—and perhaps rock, too, considering how many rock players dig Ornette and Archie Shepp and Coltrane and Roland Kirk—rests. The standard argument is that the new jazz turns people away. But the series of free concerts by the Jazz Action Movement—JAM—in San Francisco clearly proves otherwise. I have seen hundreds of people turn on to the new jazz at once, when they are given the opportunity to hear it.

Jimmy Lyons did not give his audience that opportunity. It was “safe” enough for him.

Let’s get back to the blues. Close on a happy note—Big Mama Willie Mae Houn Dog Thornton singing the blues. Muddy Waters was on first, during the blues afternoon, shouting and stomping and getting his mojo workin’ until, at the end, there were maybe 200 people dancing in the aisles and grooving atop their seats.

Twice that many did their thing while Big Mama wailed “Wade in the Water”—one of the major, and few, treats of the festival. As she came offstage, wet after a driving performance which left the audience standing, cheering for more, she was told that B. B. King had failed to show up. He was to have appeared with her but turned up too late, under the mistaken impression he was to have played that evening.

“Hah!” grunted Big Mama, elated and irrepressible. “It’s a good thing for him he didn’t show. Couldn’t he followed Big Mama Thornton NO way. Old B. B., he probably stayed home ‘cause he knowed I was gonna be here!”



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JOHN GRISSIM

BOOKS

Soul On Ice by Eldridge Cleaver; introduction by Maxwell Geismar; McGraw-Hill, New York 1968

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

While the Kerner Report on Civil Disorders offers an official explanation for urban riots, *Soul On Ice* reveals in the experience of one very unofficial man on the profound forces which made inevitable the outbreak of such violence. Its gut level eloquence and vision make Eldridge Cleaver the most dynamic spokesman for the black revolution since Malcolm X.

The book is a collection of essays and open letters written during the nine year period of Cleaver's confinement in California prisons. He was sentenced for possession of marijuana ("a shopping bag of love") and what he terms rape on principle. Both crimes serve as touchstones for fascinating insights into the character of the emerging black identity in America.

The strength of such a collection lies not in its treatment of the mythologic racial superiority, the black-white sexual hang-up, or the incredible inequalities of a white dominated society. Though these themes are examined intensively

Cleaver recognized their basis in the writings of James Baldwin, Claude Brown, and other black writers. Rather, it is the intensely personal working out of these concepts, articulated in a mix of jive talk and sophisticated monologue, which gives the book such great appeal. This same quality makes it an immensely readable work.

Behind prison walls, the catalyst for self-appraisal dwells in the smallest variation, in an unchanging routine. In "Letters From Prison" he describes his "marriage" to a white pin up girl whose picture he had taped to his cell wall. Such decorations are common with virtually all non-homosexual inmates. When a guard summarily rips it down and warns him to restrict his tastes to black women, Cleaver begins to realize the full extent to which he has been indoctrinated to the white man's standards of beauty. The experience triggers a personal crisis, out of which emerges the first real feeling of identity and self respect, conditions which allow him to see himself as a part of humanity. Yet his ambivalent hatred and desire for white women continue to crucify him in spirit. It eventually lands him back behind bars.

Though such experiences have a cumulative effect on a developing philosophy, there is a pervasive sense of purpose and self-control, even in moments of great indecision. Cleaver's environment is prison, an oppressive jungle in which a Molotov cocktail could be thrown into a cell without warning, a

knife plunged into the back. An attitude of willful self-reliance becomes an essential defense, even as one's soul remains on ice, exiled in limbo.

"A Day in Folsom Prison" begins with Cleaver's rising at 5:30 a.m. — an hour and a half before the other inmates. Thirty minutes of rigorous calisthenics are followed by an hour of writing at a small table. These periods of creative solitude become an important means to maintain sanity. Descriptively the day's schedule is varied, yet it amounts to 17 hours behind cell bars.

During much of the time allotted him, Cleaver reads voraciously and continues his education in prison schools. He writes of the Christ-like Lovdijeff, a prison teacher whose humanity, compassion and sensitivity have a profound effect on many inmates. Having devoured every available work by black writers, Cleaver turns his gaze upon James Baldwin and lovingly rips him apart for his emasculated racial self-hatred.

Yet while his aggressive, and perhaps predictable, assurance increases with growing self-awareness, there emerges a corresponding and mature sensitivity to the nature of inter-personal relationships, to love, sexual sharing and what it means to be naked in spirit before another human being. In "Prelude To Love" Cleaver reveals in three letters to his lawyer Beverly Axelrod a lyrical soaring spirit, at once afraid and yet charged with new hope. In his terribly sensitive description of the rustle of skirts, the smoothness of hands and a woman's primal smell, Cleaver evokes a sparkling imagery burnished to perfection in countless hours of solitude.

In the process of falling in love with a white woman — compounded in irony by her being a lawyer — Cleaver almost unconsciously establishes a polarity of attitude which mitigates his early professions of racial hatred. In loving a white woman on dead honest terms, he broadens the possibility of racial reconciliation, an alternative previously condemned by his belief in rape as a purely insurrectionary act. And by the teachings of Elijah Muhammad.

As a member of the Black Muslims and later a follower of Malcolm X's Organization of Afro-American Unity, Cleaver becomes a prison leader of the black nationalist movement. He describes his early acceptance of black racism, his hope for Malcolm X's reconciliation with Elijah Muhammad and the traumatic reactions to the news of the former's death. Through these experiences Cleaver comes to accept Malcolm's truly revolutionary view of mankind as one community, a stand which at last frees him from the burden of black supremacy and narrow nationalism.

While purged of racist conviction, Cleaver does little to hide his contempt for a white society whose prejudices have condemned to poverty and squalor generations of his people. Yet within this otherwise bleak vision he sees a younger generation of white and black youths which contains the fruitful seeds of reconstruction. The civil rights sit-ins of the early Sixties, the hippie life style, and the revolution on the campuses of the nation's universities give him real hope for the radical restructuring of American society.

Perhaps nowhere does Cleaver make his point more incisively than in his description of the roots of what in music is now loosely termed the rock revolution. In its simplest terms Cleaver sees America attempting to again unite its Mind with its Body — a quality created by a white culture which sublimated physical expression (the Negro's by default) for the myth of intellectual supremacy. Against this backdrop, jazz emerged as the purest manifestation of the black man's harmony and friction with his environment. It signified the tempo of modern times and soon pervaded the music of urban Negroes in the modified genre of Rhythm and Blues.

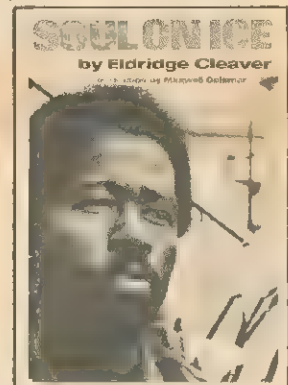
Simultaneously a new generation of post-war whites was reaching a point of total saturation with the antiseptic pap of Perry Como and Pat Boone. The universality of R & B exercised an inevitable attraction for young whites and set the stage for the frenetic entrance of Elvis Presley — an acceptable compromise with black music. This first wild foray into the ecstasy of body discovery opened the first tiny lesion in what Cleaver describes as the racial Maginot Line. That break was to be widened in succeeding years by the

Twist as much as by the momentum of the Montgomery bus boycott and the sit ins.

The explosion of really dancing to rock-hard, sexually vibrant music was enough to rekindle a spark of life in dead limbs and frozen asses on every level of society. A mystical communion with a primordial life force made possible the startling revolution of Rock and Roll, opening the minds and bodies of millions of white youth to the ultimate denouement of liberation — the Beatles. Soul by proxy. The fab four — "a long way from Pat Boone's white shoes. A way station on a slow route traveled with all deliberate speed."

Cleaver's ability to survey the disparate elements of society and place them into a cohesive vision has the net effect of putting previously articulated convictions into a startling new cast. In the best sense he has the selective eye of a Tom Wolfe, a flawless touch for molding the chaotic stuff of the American scene into a meaningful reflection of its character. Yet unlike Wolfe — Cleaver's deep — and deadly serious — commitment to his people prevents *Soul On Ice* from incurring the stigma of ephemeral pop journalism.

It is this commitment which has been largely responsible for Eldridge Cleaver's public role as spokesman for an increasingly militant black community. As Minister of Information for the Black Panthers he has helped create a public dialogue which for bitterness and invective has been unprecedented. But it is a dialogue nonetheless. Cleaver has abandoned the intellectual niceties and the deadly accuracy of reasoned argument in favor of the blunt language of confrontation. In short, he does not hesitate to cry "Fuck Ronald Reagan." Precisely why he does so over the well intentioned pleas of his white liberal supporters is partially explained in his prison writings.



Cleaver began writing to save himself — an act designed to regain his dignity as a man, to rekindle his belief in himself. As his admiration grew for the youth of an awakening America, he resolved to devote his life to communicating the sense of urgency implicit in the whole funky revolution at Berkeley, in the South and in big city streets.

He accomplishes his task admirably in book form. But implicit in this effort is the knowledge that today's book buyer is predominantly white, liberal and educated. It is to this audience that Cleaver addresses himself with such eloquence. However, as spokesman for the Black Panthers, he accepts the ground rules of the ghetto jungle. To communicate within this framework, Cleaver acknowledges the assumption that the police, city hall, the politicians and the racist white men and women in the community at large are quite simply a lower form of animal. And he addresses them as such.

For every obscenity hurled at public figures, Cleaver evens the score — ever so slightly — for the years of those dehumanizing epithets — "nigger" and "black son of a bitch." His outbursts are impassioned, bitter but no less valid for being so. He dares to speak publicly what for centuries has been said behind his back.

Eldridge Cleaver is speaking eloquently for the heritage of 20 million black men in this country. *Soul On Ice* was born in that heritage, bearing the incontrovertible truth that the nation's destiny indeed that of the world, is absolutely dependent upon the outcome of the Black American's struggle to attain his manhood.



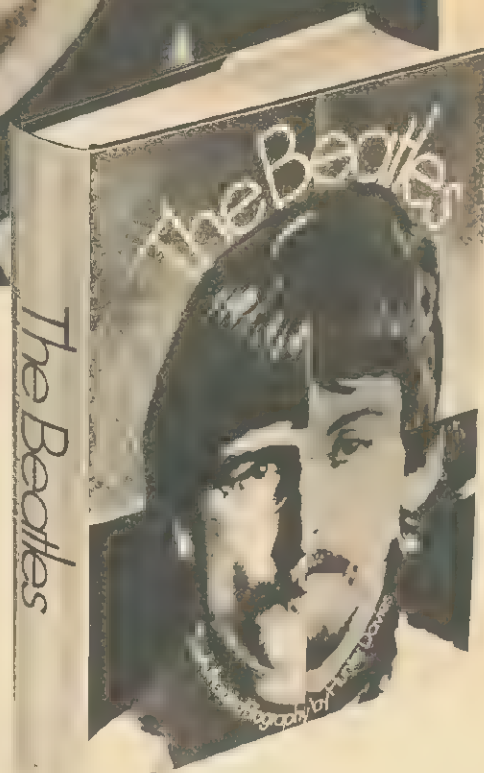
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BY JON LANDAU

Wop-bop-a-boo-wop-a-woo-ham-boom.

Thus spoke Little Richard in 1956, on his first Specialty single, "Tutti-Frutti." Richard Penniman's first record was a hard-driving semi-comedy number, characteristic of a good deal of what followed. Unlike Chuck Berry, whose material used to emphasize a narrative, Little Richard combined scolding, nonsense, and a vague story line with a super-presence and a masterful, authoritative delivery. Like Jimi Hendrix today, nothing mattered as long as Richard was doing it.

While Little Richard was unquestionably one of the great figures of early rock and roll he has only recently enjoyed the renewal of interest that people like Chuck Berry have experienced. He was not one of the English scene's lost idols, judging from the fact that groups like the early Stones and Yardbirds, and others specializing in early American rock ignored him in the mid-fifties; he did exert great influence on people like Elvis Presley who recorded many of his songs. And on the contemporary scene there are two musicians who have been influenced by him tremendously: Paul McCartney and Otis Redding.

The Beatles were one of the few groups from England to record Little Richard songs. Paul McCartney is a brilliant mimic of Richard's hoarse, gospel vocal style. In the early days the Beatles used to say that the hardest kind of song for them to write was hard rock, which is why most of the hard rock on their early albums was written by someone else. They finally solved the problem with "I'm Down," the flip side of "Help." That McCartney song was almost identical in structure to Richard's "Long Tall Sally," a song McCartney performed on the second Beatles album. Also the version the Beatles recorded of "Kansas City," on *Beatles VI*, is an exact copy of Richard's version which can be heard on *The Fabulous Little Richard*, an old Specialty album.

Otis Redding's ties to Little Richard's music were more direct. Redding spent his early years in Macon, Georgia. Little Richard's hometown. Redding grew up with Richard as his boyhood idol. On his first album, *Pain In My Heart*, Redding recorded "Lucille," a famous Little Richard song. He also did one of his own compositions, "Hey Hey Baby," in a style so close to Richard's that the casual listener wouldn't be able to tell who was singing, except for the backing of Booker T. and MGs.

Hearing how influenced Redding was by Richard at this early stage in his career, one can discover innumerable touches of Richard's influence in later Redding recordings. However, at that stage in his career, Redding was no longer relying on Richard's techniques and his use of Richard's nuances were not obviously derivative.

Perhaps as a result of the general interest in older rock stars which has been kicked up over the summer, there is now a renewed interest in Little Richard's music. His label, Specialty, has gone back into business. They were a very important company in the Fifties, having been responsible for records by Larry Williams, Lloyd Price, and Sam Cooke, all of whom eventually found their way on to bigger labels. They are now trying to cash in on the interest in Richard by releasing a collection of his old records called *Little Richard's Grooviest 17 Original Hits*, electronically re-processed for stereo. The stereo doesn't help the original sound one bit, but beyond that it is a magnificent collection of the music of a man whose contribution to rock and roll was second to none. It points up all the strengths and weaknesses of an era in American popular music. And as entertainment it is unlikely that a dozen albums will be released this year of greater interest.

Little Richard's music was rhythm centered. Unlike Chuck Berry, the central rhythm instrument was the piano, which Richard played himself. The era of guitar dominance had not yet emerged in Richard's day and piano oriented rock was at least as common as guitar music. For examples one need look no further than Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino. (And Berry himself relied on his pianist Johnny Johnson almost as much as he relied on his guitar.) Little Richard was not a great pianist. Like Berry on guitar, he had a few licks he would use to identify himself with, but unlike Berry, who was a marvelous and fluid soloist the rest of Richard's bag was simple boogie

most characteristic instrumental choruses is heard on two cuts of the new album, "True Fine Mama" and "Good Golly, Miss Molly." The only difference between the two is that on the former he plays the chorus an octave higher than on the latter.

Richard rounded out the rhythm section with electric bass, guitar and drums. The bass mainly played two types of shuffle figures. Most often he would do a straight boogie woogie figure, for example, on "Tutti-Frutti." Occasionally he would go to a more stylized shuffle, as on "All Around the World." That latter figure was turned into a talking instrumental by Jimmy McCracklin called "The Walk," and eventually became a standard rock figure.

Little Richard's guitarist played chords and simple rhythm figures. Only on the last records Little Richard recorded for Specialty (on *The Fabulous Little Richard*) did the guitar ever take the lead. Occasionally the guitar would be used for the intro as on "Kansas City" (on the aforementioned album) and "Hey Hey Hey," on the new

ord, he was what moved you or failed to move you. His vocal style was, above all, crude. He paid little or no attention to the subtleties and niceties of pop singing, a fact which in itself isn't particularly praiseworthy.

However, like Hendrix on guitar, Richard had the talent to make his deliberate violations of decent formal technique a meaningful way of singing. His basic approach was to take everything from the top and work it up from there. Sometimes the results would be fairly comical, as when he runs out of breath at the end of "Jenny, Jenny." More often it served as an excellent means of knocking the listener out. The simple concentration of energy is so great that one is forced to respond.

Little Richard's background was gospel, not blues. He was a predecessor of contemporary soul music. It is not widely understood that modern soul is an offshoot more of gospel than blues. Every important practitioner of soul got his start in the church. Soul derives its hyperactive and intensely involving qualities from this gospel source. The blues

verses sung over no accompaniment, (except a chord on the first beat of each measure) blues choruses, a sax solo, and concluding choruses. "She's Got It" and "Ready Teddy" are in the same vein.

This was a very common song from in the mid-fifties and people like Fats Domino ("Ain't That A Shame") and Jerry Lee Lewis ("High School Confidential") made use of the broken time type of verse. It is a highly efficient way of putting some tension into a performance right from the beginning. The trick in using such a technique is to, on the one hand, excite the listener's interest by use of the unorthodox device, but at the same time hold his interest for the duration of the piece. To me, "Ready-Teddy" is the best instance of Richard's use of the form. It works best because it extends the unaccompanied verses to a greater length than on the other songs. This creates the more tension and sustains a greater degree of interest. But anyone of these times should be enough to get you out of your chair through sheer excitement.

Richard recorded numerous songs with straight shuffle blues forms. The two best illustrations of this approach are "Ooh, My Soul" and "True Fine Mama." "Ooh, My Soul" is the fast version. It begins with Richard simply saying "Ooh, My Soul" and crashing into the song ("Honey, honey, honey, honey/ Get up all of that money"). At the end of each chorus he stops everything and repeats "Ooh, My Soul." It is amazing to listen to for the sheer power of Richard's performance. "True Fine Mama" is really straight, done at an even paced, moderate tempo. No novelty lyrics, just straight blues words with a gospel background. It is one of the songs with the greatest lasting appeal. It still dig it, eleven years after the first time I heard it.

The pace of a Little Richard album is always absurdly fast. He recorded very few slow numbers in the Specialty days. There are only three on this album the best of which, by far, is "Send Me Some Lovin'." That cut features the pounding piano style so common in the Fifties, a very intense and moving delivery, and a fine song based on "Down On the Valley." However, the very best ballad Richard ever recorded was omitted from the new set and is available only on his very first Specialty album, *Here's Little Richard*, or on the flip side of the single version of "Keep A-Knockin'." Another song unaccountably left off the new set. That ballad was "I Can't Believe You Wanna Leave," a classic rock and roll song but done in a style of incredible intensity. There isn't a modern rock singer on the scene who could get that much power, control, and energy into a two and half minute, three-chord ballad.

I have two favorites on *Little Richard's Grooviest 17 Original Hits*. They are the two cuts which best illustrate Little Richard's achievements as a rock and roll artist. "Hey, Hey Hey" was originally the flip side of "Good Golly, Miss Molly." It is a song which was obviously put together in twenty minutes and recorded in less. It is a blues done, as usual, at an unbelievable speed. It simply says, "Goin' back to Birmingham /Way down in Alabama." There is a long sax solo (two choruses) and then a series of verses which Richard used at the end of his version of "Kansas City." As the verses build up there are some subtle changes in the horn and bass figures and then Richard winds it up by singing "I'm hollerin' and screaming/ Baby please come home" (which, by the way, is inconsistent with the opening verse which announces that Richard is going back to Alabama, not that he wants his woman to come home to him.) The performance is perfect. It contains all the elements of a great Little Richard performance, plus one of his band's best performances, plus the spontaneity that comes with just throwing together an arrangement.

The other song that knocks me out is "All Around the World." That song has the "walk" beat, mentioned earlier. It is similar in form to the Cadillac classic recording, "Speedo." However, what really knocks me out are the words.

All the flat top cars
With their rock and roll queens
Just a-rockin' and rollin'
In their red & blue jeans
Rock and roll is all they play
All round the world
That says it, doesn't it?

LITTLE RICHARD



BARON WILKIN

woogie piano figures Little Richard's *Original Hits* album. The figure is the same in both cases.

The thing that dates any Little Richard record is the drumming. In line with the custom of the time, the drums were under-recorded, the snare sounded ludicrously bassy, and the instrumentalist did next to nothing. On some of Richard's later records it got worse, because the guy gave up on keeping the beat.

Finally there was a simple horn section made of a few saxes. On some of the cuts I can make out only a lead sax. The lead sax would take a solo. It was as Motown horn solo is today. Part of the routine. While the tone of these solos is always clean and occasionally fits the song, by and large their only purpose was to fill out the song. Like most pop instrumental solos their main purpose was to vary the lead sound for fear that the vocal wasn't interesting enough to sustain interest for the entire length of the record. It could have been worse.

Ultimately a Little Richard record was exactly what Little Richard put into it. He had the voice, he dominated the rec-

represent a separate and distinct counter tendency in black American music. The blues have always reflected a more cerebral, reflective, contemplative side of life. It is for that reason that few if any black vocalists are both good soul and blues singers.

Richard was no exception and the only use he ever made of blues was in borrowing some of its forms. The singing style, the frenetic quality to all of his work, is directly related to gospel music and has no parallel among blues singers. In the Fifties, as now, there is a broader general attraction to this hot medium of communication than there is to the usually cooler approach of the straight blues singers, which helps to explain why Richard sold so many records while equally talented blues singers sold so few.

Of the songs on *Little Richard's Grooviest 17 Original Hits* almost all illustrate some particular facet of Richard's style. Perhaps the best known songs included on the set are two of his earliest, "Long Tall Sally" and "Tutti-Frutti." The songs are very similar. They both have

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RECORDS



Electric Ladyland, The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise 6307)

Being a bit fed up with music as "reactive noise" ("God man, the world's a drag, let's play loud and drown it out"), I was sort of set not to dig this LP, but I had to. Hendrix is a good musician and his science fiction concepts surmount noise. There isn't really a concept (no Sgt. Pepper trips here)—instead there's a unity, an energy flow. The LP opens with an electronic track using tape loops and phasing (think of "Itchy Coo Park" by the Small Faces for an example of phasing) called "And the Gods Made Love." Hendrix said in an interview, "We knew this was the track that most people will jump on to criticize, so I put it first to get it over with."

The "I" in that sentence is true—Hendrix produced and directed these sides himself. Following is "Electric Ladyland," a fairytale trip that serves as introduction to the rest on the LP: "I want to show you the angels spread their wings." Next is "Crosstown Traffic," a stomp under with a heavy beat. "90 miles an hour is the speed I drive, girl," sings Hendrix as he compares the woman with a traffic jam—"It's so hard to get through you."

Then a live cut, which sounds as though it was recorded late at night in a small club, at one of the jamming sessions Hendrix is known for. It features Stevie Winwood on organ and Jack Casady on bass, and is called "Voodoo Child." It begins with a very John Lee Hooker-like guitar intro, and keeps a blues feeling all the way through, although Hendrix's lyrics ("My arrows are made of desire/From as far away as Jupiter's sulphur mines") are a far cry from "Rolling Stone" (the Muddy Waters song that's an ancestor to this track, as well as a lot of other things). After some feedback screech, a listener says "Turn that damn guitar down!" and the track ends with Hendrix and a chick discovering that the bar in the club is closed. "The bar is closed!" she says unbelievably.

But yes it is. Side B opens with a song by bassist Noel Redding, "Little Miss Strange," probably the most commercial of the numbers included. Basically hard rock, the best thing about it is some nice unison guitar lines, probably an overbub, unless Hendrix has grown another couple of arms. "Long Hot Summer Night" is next, a song set in the "Visions of Johanna" scene, although Hendrix has a way out—"my baby's coming to rescue me—." An Earl King number, "Come On," follows. Mostly rock/soul, the guitar break in the middle is one of the nicest things Hendrix has done.

"Gypsy Eyes" begins with a drum thumping, a simple bass line and a compelling guitar line, it's a light groovy tune that really sticks to your synapses. (If it was possible to hum or whistle Hendrix, this would be the tune you'd most likely do.)

The side ends with "Burning of the Midnight Lamp," which was Hendrix's last single in England, released a year ago this summer. It's a freaky ballad, with particularly nothing lyrics and on the whole a drag . . . it goes nowhere. Side C is the sea or water side. It opens with "Rainy Day, Dream Away," using a small group that includes Buddy Miles from the Flag on drums. In it Hendrix does a lot to restore the grooviness of rainy days, previously much maligned in many songs.

This fades to "1983: A Merman I Should Be" (a merman is a mermaid's mate, of course). Hendrix's vision of the future shows a world torn by war, on the verge of destruction as he and his lady go for a walk by the sea, and dream of living in the water. With tape

loops, melancholy guitar and the flute of Chris Wood (also from Traffic) Hendrix structures a beautiful undersea mood—only to destroy it with some heavy handed guitar. My first reaction was, why did he have to do that? Then I thought that he created a beautiful thing, but lost faith in it, and so destroyed it before anybody else could—in several ways, a bummer.

Another electronic track, "Moon Turn the Tides Gently Away," heals some of the rent in your head, and the side ends peacefully. Side D opens with a continuation of "Still Raining, Still Dreaming," only heavier and funkier—maybe just a bit too much so (iron raindrops hurt, man). "House Burning Down" could be taken as Hendrix's first socially conscious statement, but it ends in typical Hendrix fashion; "an eerie man from space . . . come down and take the dead away."

Then comes the new single, Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower"—in many ways one of the most interesting cuts here. On Hendrix's original numbers, it's sometimes hard to see the structure at first; the rhythm starts and stops, the changes are a bit hard to follow sometimes. But here, if you listen to the rhythm guitar track, and keep the original song in your mind, you can see the way Hendrix overlays his beautifully freaky sound on the already established framework of the song. He is true to its mood and really illustrates the line "the wind began to howl." Last is "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)," done this time with his usual backup men in a studio cut, heavier and more driving.

In other words, an extended look into Hendrix's head, and mostly it seems to have some pretty good things in it (who among us is totally free of mental baggage?) A few random thoughts to sum up; Hendrix is the Robert Johnson of the Sixties, and really the first cat to ever totally play electric guitar. Remember, he used the wah-wah pedal before "Brave Ulysses," and he's still the boss. And it's nice to see that he is confident enough so he can play some blues again—I'd like to hear more.

Hendrix, psychedelic superspade??? Or just a damn good musician/producer? Depends on whether you want to believe the image or your ears. (And if you wanna flow, dig this on earphones, and watch the guitar swoop back and forth through your head.) Hendrix is amazing, and I hope he gets to the moon first. If he keeps up the way he's going here, he will.

TONY GLOVER



Soul Limbo, Booker T. and the MG's (Stax Ss 2001)

This is the sixth album by the MG's who are in many respects representative of the finest in American popular music. Although they are solo recording artists in their own right, they cannot be seen out of the context of the Stax-Volt Company. This company typifies the synthesis of the best in American music. It is music that is universal and unafraid to borrow from sources black, white or brown. Otis Redding, the most popular Stax performer was no mere soul singer but a man in whom the best aspects of blues, country, rock and even show biz music were exhibited. This borrowing and exchanging of musical influences is exactly what characterizes the usually "white" rock music. The difference between "rock" and "soul" are only in what proportion those influences are mixed. In America we have many "pure" musical forms such as gospel, blues and so on. One of the places where these forms mix and meet and change are Booker T. and the MG's.

Soul Limbo contains tunes from England, America, the North, the South and everywhere in between. It contains no rough or ragged edges. It is their most sophisticated offering to date, and this from a group who to many in the business are the embodiment or professionalism and good taste. The foundation is

the rhythm section, and the MG's have one that is totally solid. Al Jackson's drum lines are always firm and inventive, especially on such things as the intro to their version of "Foxy Lady" where Jackson brings the beats up to just the right intensity. Duck Dunn's bass is simple and essential. On "Foxy Lady" it is appropriately fuzzed-out and hard, while on "Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy" it is as smooth as it should be. He plays much attention to the tone of his bass rather than tricky runs, and consequently it provides the right tonal coloring to each piece.

Included on the album is a version of "Eleanor Rigby." The MG's have taken a song of classical grounding and rearranged it radically around Steve Cropper's guitar. The simplicity of many of his runs and his restraint make him a joy to hear after the pointless and deafening solos of so many rock "virtuosi." On "Eleanor Rigby" he uses a wah-wah pedal to produce a sad and brooding sound, building to a fierce climax. Cropper excels also on "Heads or Tails" where by intelligent slides and note bending he makes the whole song really elastic and bouncy in a way reminiscent of the earlier "Hip Hug Her."

Two numbers show off Booker T. Jones' piano playing. The first is the bluesy "Willow Weep For Me" on which he plays some delightful right hand runs in a classic style, offsetting this with strong bass chording from the left. "Over Easy" is in a more modern style with a lot of swing and bursts of keyboard enthusiasm towards the fade. We should hear more piano from Jones. The organ is as excellent as always on this album, but being his featured instrument for six albums the piano is more refreshing.

If during the seven years this group has been together you have never bought any of their albums such as *Hip Hug Her* or remember them vaguely as the group that did "Green Onions" then you have been missing a lot. From their first album to "Soul Limbo" there is a steady introduction of new ideas and sophistications into their music and studio playing. As a result they typify the best in electric and funky American music.

PETER GIRAUDO



Proud Flesh Soothseer, Linn County (Mercury SR 61181)

This album could well serve as an indictment of the recording industry circa late 1968. It demonstrates exactly what happens when a couple of producers—in this case Abe (Voco) Kesh and John Cabalka (and have you noticed how many art directors have suddenly sprouted up as record producers)—get turned on to a group with a sound that is original without being unfamiliar, sit them down in a studio, spend a little money on arrangements and engineering and wind up with two-thirds of an hour of music: two sides of a pretty good single, one interesting experiment and a lot of draggy fill.

My hypothetical single is "Lower Lemons" b/w "Think." Fred Walk, who plans a clean, competent, Bloomfield/King-styled guitar on most of the LP, picks up the electric sitar to add just the right amount of undulating Orientalia to the moody "Lemons," which also features Larry Easter's well-developed soprano saxophone solo.

Easter employs an assortment of reeds and woodwinds, sometimes feeding them through a Varitone or similar electronic amplifier. His main man is John Coltrane—hardly surprising since Coltrane is an inescapable influence on any new saxophonist, in fact any even slightly jazz-oriented musician, just as Charlie Parker was twenty years ago, when even the tuba player in the Newark, N. J., high school band was trying to sound like Bird. The horn arrangements, however, were written by Shorty Rogers, whose name is misspelled in the liner notes and whose group, the Giants, was

a leading name in the airy, rhythmically uncomplicated West Coast style of 10 to 15 years ago.

That style was the complete opposite of Coltrane's, but it seems to blend reasonably well with Easter's playing. In other words it blends about as well as any of the elements that make up Linn County's music. Every member of the group seems to be coming from a different direction, if not two or three; sometimes they get it together and sometimes they don't. The aforementioned "Think" is pretty much a rehash of the Butterfield Band's approach, but it has a slightly lighter sound and some for once intelligible lyrics—one of the LP's main virtues is its solution to the problem of making vocalists clearly audible over amplified instruments.

Those lyrics talk a lot about "bad things" which is the title of a long experimental track on side B. It is largely taken up with solos by all the instrumentalists—Stephen Miller gets out of his hard rock bag on organ to produce a very swinging funky Jimmy Smith type of statement and Easter blows scales filtered through some bizarre distortion, but still blows scales (which can be interesting in the hands of a Coltrane but otherwise rather tiresome), while bassist Dino Long and drummer Snake McAndrew prove to be a more flexible and supportive rhythm section than they are allowed to show on the other cuts.

Of "Moon Food," "Cave Song" and "Fast Days" with its toilet-flushing coda, the least said, the better. On the evidence of this record—Linn County is a good second-rate blues band composed of talented musicians from whom more will undoubtedly be heard. But don't be surprised if they look around for another vehicle to tell their stories from.

JERROLD GREENBERG



Getting to the Point, Savoy Brown (Parrot PAS-71024)

Savoy Brown is one of the British blues bands, which includes Fleetwood Mac and Ten Years After, that have emerged as result of the current blues revival in England. Of these three groups, Savoy Brown makes a genuine effort not to venture past 1959 in its music, where both Fleetwood Mac and Ten Years After attempt to alter the blues of the 1950s into a contemporary exercise.

Remaining in a 1950s bag allows a blues band to play with a good degree of relaxation. Savoy Brown can be described as having a "loose togetherness" reflective of how the blues happened in the 1950s. Like the two most influential blues bands of that period, Little Walter's Night Cats and the Muddy Waters Band, Savoy Brown does not come on with complex technical artistry and does not attempt to overplay its music. Its strength lies in its group rapport and dynamics.

Vocalist Chris Youden is one of the better blues singers to emerge from England. His voice has the resonance and inflection so necessary to establish the power and emotion which is the blues. The best examples of his work on the album are: "Flood in Houston," "Honey Bee," "Mr. Downchild" and "Give Me a Penny." His voice is definitely the strong point in the band. Lead guitarist Kim Simmonds is tasteful, clear and neither too choppy or harsh. He makes excellent use of open space in his solos to enhance their emotion, similar to B. B. King, although he is not an exponent of B. B. King's guitar style. Simmonds' best work can be heard on Muddy's "Honey Bee," "Flood in Houston" and Willie Dixon's "You Need Love."

Bassist Rivers Jobe is a sufficient group player, but his attempts at soloing are quite lame. His improvement

could give the band a greater backbone. Rhythm guitarist Dave Peverett attempts to imitate a three-piece horn section when cording and it comes off quite well on "Flood in Houston" and "You Need Love." Rhythm guitar is usually a forgotten instrument, but when played properly, it can compensate for the brass and read effect that the impoverished blues bands cannot afford to carry on the road. Pianist Bob Hall is a direct exponent of Otis Spann's piano style. This is unique among British bands and few American blues bands can boast of a strong piano to lay down boogie and shuffle rhythms. Hall is an adequate soloist in the Spann vein, somewhat archaic, but Otis Spann does not change much with the times, either.

The music contained in the album itself is largely the work of vocalist Youlden and lead guitarist Simmonds. On "Flood in Houston" Simmonds' guitar parries Youlden's voice at the end of every phrase. More of Youlden's superlative voice can be heard on "Mr. Downchild." The band can be heard in its "loose togetherness" on "Stay With Me Baby" and "Gettin' to the Point."

While in London this summer, I had occasion to see Savoy Brown live, at Soho's Marquee Club. They are every bit as balanced in their dynamics during a live performance as they are on record. Vocalist Youlden moves about the stage in a fashion similar to the Box Tops' Alex Chilton, but with the cunning and humor of Captain Hook! Though one will not be impressed with their technical ability, Savoy Brown tends to grow on the blues listener, especially Youlden's voice. They act like they enjoy every bit of what they play, which is an ideal situation for any musician. Much more is to be expected from them as they mature as a group.

ERIC EHLMANN



Heavy Heads, Various Artists (Chess LPS-1522)

Who can fathom the Chess management? Certainly not this writer. This album, ersatz psychedelic cover and all, contains truly fine modern blues by some heavy heads indeed—there is Muddy Waters' "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man," Little Walter's "Juke" and "Blues with a Feeling," Howlin' Wolf's "Moanin' for My Baby" and "The Red Rooster," John Lee Hooker's "Walkin' the Boogie" and "Let's Go Out Tonight," Sonny Boy (Rice Miller, that is) Williamson's "Don't Start Me to Talkin'" and "Sad to Be Alone," Bo Diddley's "I'm a Man," Little Milton's "I Feel So Bad," and Washboard Sam's "Diggin' My Potatoes"—but its value for blues collectors is virtually nil. Every one of the cuts has been on LP before, generally several times in fact, in various albums by the individual artists as well as in the anthology sets, *The Blues*, Vols. 1-3, on the Chess subsidiary Argo Records.

One can readily understand why Chess would want to put together a set of performances by its leading, best-known artists, but why simply re-issue material that has already been more than sufficiently represented on LP? If the label wanted to capitalize on the "name" value of these performers, they could easily have assembled an album of similarly good, representative performances by Muddy, Wolf, Walter, etc., that have not been made available on LP; after all, Chess has a huge catalog of middle-period (ie, middle and late 1950s) numbers by Muddy, Wolf, Walter, etc., that deserve reissuing, not to mention the great amounts of superior performances by "lesser" blues artists like Johnny Shines, Jimmy Rogers, Eddie Burris, Otis Spann, John Brim, Eddie Boyd, Harmonica Frank, Bobo Jenkins, Floyd Jones, Baby Face Leroy, J. B. Lenoir, Willie Mabon, Robert Nighthawk, Buddy Guy, Dr. Ross, and others.

This is of course no the place to

rail against Chess' unwillingness to approach the question of reissues in any consistent or aware manner, but it does not seem unreasonable to suggest they go about it in a way that does not needlessly duplicate selections. Micro-groove space is too precious for that, it would seem, and could be utilized far more effectively than in the slapdash, obvious manner that Chess goes about reissuing things. One would have thought that the days of indiscriminate compilations like this one were long since past and that Chess would be aware of the tastes and backgrounds of its LP buyers by this time.

There is little that need be said about the performances in this set. The two Little Walter sides are superb, among his better performances on record—"Juke" is a masterful instrumental and "Blues with a Feeling" is equally fine. Likewise, the two Sonny Boy Williamson tracks are among his finer work for Chess, with very feelingful singing and the masterly, spare, superbly-constructed harmonica work for which he was famed. (The playing and singing of both men remind us forcibly of the great loss we and the blues suffered in their deaths.) The Muddy side is a gem, powerful, full of humor, with superb ensemble and solo work, and a real cooker. Bo Diddley's 1955 "I'm a Man" is among his finest recordings, with excellent work by all involved (Diddley, guitar; Billy Boy Arnold, harmonica; Otis Spann, piano; James Bradford, bass; Clifton James, drums, and Jerome Green maracas). Really tough music. Wolf is represented by a great, almost wordless version of one of his old moaning numbers from his Mississippi days, "Moanin' for My Baby," as well as a fine novelty number from his middle period, "Red Rooster." The Hooker's are good, and the Little Milton track is one of his better efforts. The Washboard Sam is pleasant at best, but it's a nice reminder of the tradition the postwar Chicago bluesmen built upon so effectively.

As an introduction to the goodies in Chess' vaults, this is a more than adequate set, and will do well for those unfamiliar with the glories of modern electric ensemble blues. But for the serious fan, no. He's already got these performances in his collection. Incidentally, the pseudo-stereo simply adds a heavy, unnecessary dose of echo and enhances these performances not one bit.

PETE WELDING



The Who On Tour/Magic Bus (Decca DL 75064)

This is not so much a review as a complaint.

Decca is well known as one of the more myopic record companies—"If you liked the Who, you are sure to enjoy Len Barry," read their notes to *My Generation*—and Decca has also gained special fame for the inattention they have lavished on the Who, such as their forgetting to send review copies of some of the group's singles to Billboard and Cashbox.

But the Who, thank God, made it on their own, and Decca, afraid of losing any of the golden eggs, has released this album in hope of keeping Pete Townshend and Co. in the public eye while the Who work on their *Blind Deaf and Dumb* Boy opera.

Thus we're presented with this random collection of tracks, some superb ("Magic Bus," "Pictures of Lily" and "Disguises"), some good, (like "Buck-T"), some bad (John Entwistle's cuts on this LP just don't touch "Whiskey Man" or "Boris"), and as a real drag, even three repeats from earlier albums.

Why Decca didn't choose to release the live material recorded at Winterland and Fillmore East I don't know (just think—"Summertime Blues," "A Quick One," "Shakin' All Over") but there is no excuse for the jumble of *The Who*

On Tour/Magic Bus. There are over a dozen fantastic cuts by the Who that have never been released on American LPs, most of them singles that received little airplay or were never released at all in this country.

We could have had a classic record, *The History of the Who*, starting with their stone-tough "I Can't Explain," along with their strange version of "I'm a Man," from their first English LP. Then "Substitute," maybe the best song the Who have ever done: "I was born with a plastic spoon in my mouth/The north side of my town faced east/And the east was facing south"—a song powered by really startling harmony and the kind of humor only Pete Townshend can project.

Then "I'm a Boy," an absurd story about our very own rock and roll parents, even crazier than those Leiber and Stoller summoned up for Coasters' "Yakety Yak." Keith Moon fans could have screamed to his falsetto "Barbara Ann"—"Yes," he said at the Fillmore once, "my walls are covered with pictures of the Beach Boys, my heroes..."

And then the Who coming through when so many others turned their backs:

The WHO consider Mick Jagger and Keith Richard scapegoats for the drug problem and as a protest against the savage sentences imposed on them at Chichester yesterday, the WHO are issuing today the first of a series of Jagger-Richard songs to keep their work before the public until they are again free to record themselves.

—with their pounding, angry, smashing versions of "The Last Time" and "Under My Thumb," featuring some of the most exciting guitar work Townshend has ever put on record. They meant it, and it shows. Close the LP with "Magic Bus" and "Pictures of Lily," a wonderful song about puberty and sex-without-girls (real-life girls, that is), and you have, and we should have, *The Who's Greatest Non-Hit*, every cut a delight, each one better than before, no matter in what order they might be arranged. Each one uniquely the Who, with gutsy harmony and blazing drums and crashing guitars, telling outrageously funny stories, getting made for all of us.

The Who are the spirit of rock and roll—and because of that even Decca's clap-trap collection is worth buying, for "Magic Bus" and "Pictures of Lily" and "Disguises." But maybe we all ought to be writing angry letters—the Who deserve better, and so do we.

GRIEL MARCUS



Shock Treatment, Don Ellis (Columbia CS 9668)

Shock Treatment isn't really. But it does offer ten tightly arranged compositions notable for brassy melodic lines superimposed on a rhythmically complex percussion base. The album's desirability as an addition to a record collection is largely dependent upon whether you have a taste for a big band sound.

Listening to the Don Ellis orchestra requires a conscious reordering of expectations. Ellis' trademark—indeed the entire basis for expanding the genre—is a willful manipulation of time signature. By extending jazz rhythms to include Green, Turkish and Indian meter, he has produced tempos which by comparison make Brubeck's "Take Five" (in 5/4) archaic in their simplicity.

With such diverse metric components to work with, Ellis has no trouble creating a marvelous rhythmic polyphony by using his three-man percussion section to simultaneously maintain as many different patterns. It ain't hardly foot stomping music, but it is surprising how quickly the ear adjusts to a breakaway sound.

The album opener "A New Kind of Country" is an up tempo number in 7/4, divided into a very fast 2-2-3. It's

possible to keep up a count all the way through—a worthwhile exercise which clarifies the pattern of staccato brass and prepares one for further assaults. "Opus 5," a composition/arrangement by Howlett Smith, has a vaguely symphonic feel, alternately contemplative and brash but always controlled.

The ear becomes quickly acclimated to the off beat accentuation and Ellis has no shortage of talent in using it to best advantage. The brass section moves forcefully through clear melodic passages, rapidly shifting tempo and volume. Solos are crisp and inventive and the ensemble playing is nearly always interesting. The one notable exception is "Seven Up," an unimaginative composition which becomes garbled in mid-section while the rhythmic backbone fails to maintain a clear presence.

Ellis provides a respite from signature innovation with "Milo's Theme," a piece in 4/4 in which he electronically reworks an excellent trumpet solo to create a warm, fluid sound. More pleasing still, "Homecoming" is a good solid blues in 3/4 and very similar to the backing for a Joe Williams rendition. The predictable beat patterns of both numbers requires no celebration to make them "work."

The use of a sitar and disemboweled choral phrases in "Star Children" creates an interesting other-worldly mood contrasted with a lot of brass work. But as a whole the piece has a flat sound. The chorus lacks fidelity and could have been better mixed by studio engineers. More experimental by design, "The Tihai" provides Ellis with a jazz vehicle to set up a bewildering display of 7/4 variations, wild solo work and intricate phrasing based on Hindu chants which parallel demanding drum patterns. Of all the cuts, "The Tihai" provides the best indication of where Don Ellis is going: toward an incorporation into the jazz idiom of exotic meter from hitherto untapped ethnic sources.

While this exploration will doubtless be fruitful, the question remains whether Ellis is truly moving out of the strictly jazz bag and into wider acceptance on the periphery of rock. He comes closest to this idiom with "Mercy Maybe Mercy" and "Beat Me Daddy, Seven to the Bar," both of which swing with primary rhythm and enjoyable ensemble work. Yet even though his twenty-one-piece orchestra has played a few rock ballrooms, its popularity may be due more to an often identifiable rock sound rather than the intrinsic appeal of new time signatures and (albeit fascinating) metric subdivisions.

One can get terribly hung up discussing the expansion of rhythmic horizons, or for that matter, simply reading Ellis' liner notes. But the argument comes full circle with the question of liking the big band sound to begin with. As for Ellis becoming all the rage on the rock ballroom circuit, chances are the immediate effect will be stroboscopic lights in 19/4.

JOHN GRISSEM

The Musician

I used'a play the pee-anna too St. Eve said sliding (trombonelike) an imaginary brass hook into an quite other dimension.

Used'a shove these notes through a sweating fist as tight as your pious ass. Why I'd pack 'em in couldn't find a tent big enough. But you want'a know somethin it was all a lie.

That wasn't no music just me up there fak'in it. Used'a sort'a believe it myself think I was really somethin. Then I started'a hear this faraway sort'a —aw you'll laugh

it's ok I did too at first— this faraway sound like children and wind on slower wind and I give it all up and started singin.

—Steve Crumley

MUDDY: A MAN WITH NO NEED FOR TRAPPINGS

—Continued from Page 11

technological and esthetic process he helped set in motion twenty years ago. It is perhaps doubly ironic that the *coupe de grace* should be administered by the very company his many recording hits were so instrumental in building into the successful firm it has since become.

If this album were alone in its tastelessness of conception and production, one might be tempted to dismiss with a shrug and let it go at that. But, no, it's just the latest in a long line of gaffes that one has come to expect from Chess. Perhaps the first of these was its reluctance to record Waters in the first place, followed shortly by its foot-dragging in recording Muddy's working band, which did not occur until fully two years after his first hit records. And over the years, Chess has given us such projects as the *Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill, Muddy Waters, Folk Singer and Muddy, Brass and the Blues* albums—lightweights all, despite the singer's manful efforts to bring them

off—as well as the several anthologies, *The Blues*, Vols. 1-5 (on Cadet), which unnecessarily duplicate performance already on LP.

More recently we've been graced with the sloppily produced *Super Blues* and *Super Super Blues*, sets which—as minutes of studio encounters among Muddy, Little Walter, Bo Diddley and Howling Wolf—ought to have been good but which are instead abortive efforts that never take wing, mere curiosities at best and interesting solely for the occasional glimpses they provide of what might have happened if the producers had known what they were about.

Then, too, one must not overlook the *Heavy Heads* anthology which reissues, in over-echoey reprocessed stereo, a dozen performances that have been on LP at least twice before.

With all this and more going down, small wonder that one cavils at the confusion—to call it by this kindest of terms—which marks Chess' handling of its blues artists. The record buyer has every right to expect a better shake than what he's been getting from them, not to mention what the artists ought to expect.

Electric Mud raises, too, the important question of how to present an artist whose career extends beyond his time and place. While Muddy is still performing—and performing well these days, one might add—his time and place was Chicago in the late 1940s through the middle '50s. It was there and then he made his great contributions to the development of modern blues, there and then he cut the magnificent series of recordings on which his reputation will rest.

And though Muddy's major achievements are in the past, he has led and continues to lead a fine, modern Chicago blues band that works steadily and through which a number of extremely talented bluesmen have passed. But save for the fine *Muddy Waters at Newport* album of almost eight years ago, one looks in vain for representative samples of his bands' work on record. Where, for example, can one find a recording

by the excellent band he had with Sam Lawhorn and George Smith about two years ago? That group should have been recorded, preferably live, as should his current group with Pee Wee Madison and Luther Johnson. It's a good band, far better in fact than many another more highly touted unit. And Muddy himself is playing and singing as he hasn't in years, but you'd scarcely suspect it after hearing *Electric Mud*.

Chess apparently senses that they still have a commercial "property" in Waters, that a fair-sized audience yet exists for his honest, earthy brand of Chicago blues. However, their major difficulty, now as in the past, is that they haven't the vaguest understanding of just what Waters has accomplished nor the competence or inclination to present his current music in the intelligent, aware and dignified manner it both requires and deserves. In this respect, *Electric Mud* tells us a hell of a lot more about where Chess is at than it does about Muddy. After all, Muddy's never been confused about his music or himself. But the Chess boys . . . well, that's another sick that was recorded for Chess by Muddy and other blues artists was done while the firm was so obtusely and idling entirely. You know: fools rush in, etc.

All of which leaves one with this uneasy thought: if all the truly great music has been managed, imagine what might have been done had it been operated by a couple of people who really knew where it was at. Now that's something to think about.

Recordings

Three LP albums on Chess enable one to trace Waters' recording career from its beginning on through the middle '50s—that is, from the initial solo and duo efforts with Big Crawford to the mature recordings by the Waters band. The three sets are, in order of importance, *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427), *More Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1511) and *The Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1501); all three are essential for a complete survey of Muddy's early-to-middle period work. The albums them-

selves follow no programmatic scheme but are simply more or less random compilations. Waters' recordings for the Library of Congress, made in Mississippi in 1941-2, may be found on *Down on Stovall's Plantation* (Testament T-2210). *Muddy Waters at Newport* (Chess 1449) offers nine relaxed samples of the work of the Waters band recorded on location at the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival. Two performances recorded a year earlier at a Carnegie Hall concert are contained on *Folk Song Festival* (United Artists 3050), but are of minimal interest at best: the concert producers had Waters and his sidemen perform with acoustic instruments and the performances are, as a result, rather bland. Of Waters' several other albums on Chess—*Muddy Waters Sings Big Bill* (1444), *Muddy Waters, Folk Singer* (1483) and *Muddy, Brass and the Blues* (1507)—none is of any great importance. Waters' appearances on the *Festival of the Blues* (Cadet 4031), *Super Blues* (Checker 3008) and *Super Super Blues* (Checker 3010) albums are of slight importance to students of his music.

Spencer Davis

LONDON—The current Spencer Davis Group is splitting up, leaving only Spencer himself out of the original group that recorded "I'm a Man" and "Gimme Some Lovin'." Half the current association will be replaced by the time the group makes its next US tour in November, Spencer announced September 30.

Drummer Peter York, who has been with the group since it started, and organist Eddie Hardin, who replaced Stevie Winwood when Stevie formed Traffic, are the ones who are leaving. Guitarist Ray Fenwick and Spencer will reform the group with bass, drums and lead and rhythm guitars.

Advertising

Rolling Stone wishes to hire a full-time advertising secretary/salesgirl to work in San Francisco. The job involves letter-writing, phone calls, keeping lists, reading the music and advertising trades, willingness to do busy work, and ability to take initiative in advertising selling. Experience is an absolute must, including work at an agency or in an advertising department, preferably a knowledge of the record industry, and a general intuitiveness for the field.

Please send a letter and resume—do not telephone—to Barbara Davis, Rolling Stone, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

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LEAD SINGER, 20, looking for group. Much experience, writing, arranging, photo and art P.R. work. Bay Area only — Bill, 474-6196, San Francisco.

DRUMMER, 27, professional, union member. Available for steady gig — need at least three nights. Bob — (415) 652-0567, P.O. Box 3061, Oakland.

SINGER SEEKS working group. Phil — 651-1460, San Francisco.

VOCALIST/SONGWRITER seeks band or people. Can sing jazz, blues; prefer harmonies, folk-rock, C&W, anything funky. Play bass, drums, guitar, organ — best on bongos. Bruce — 863-7656, San Francisco.

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